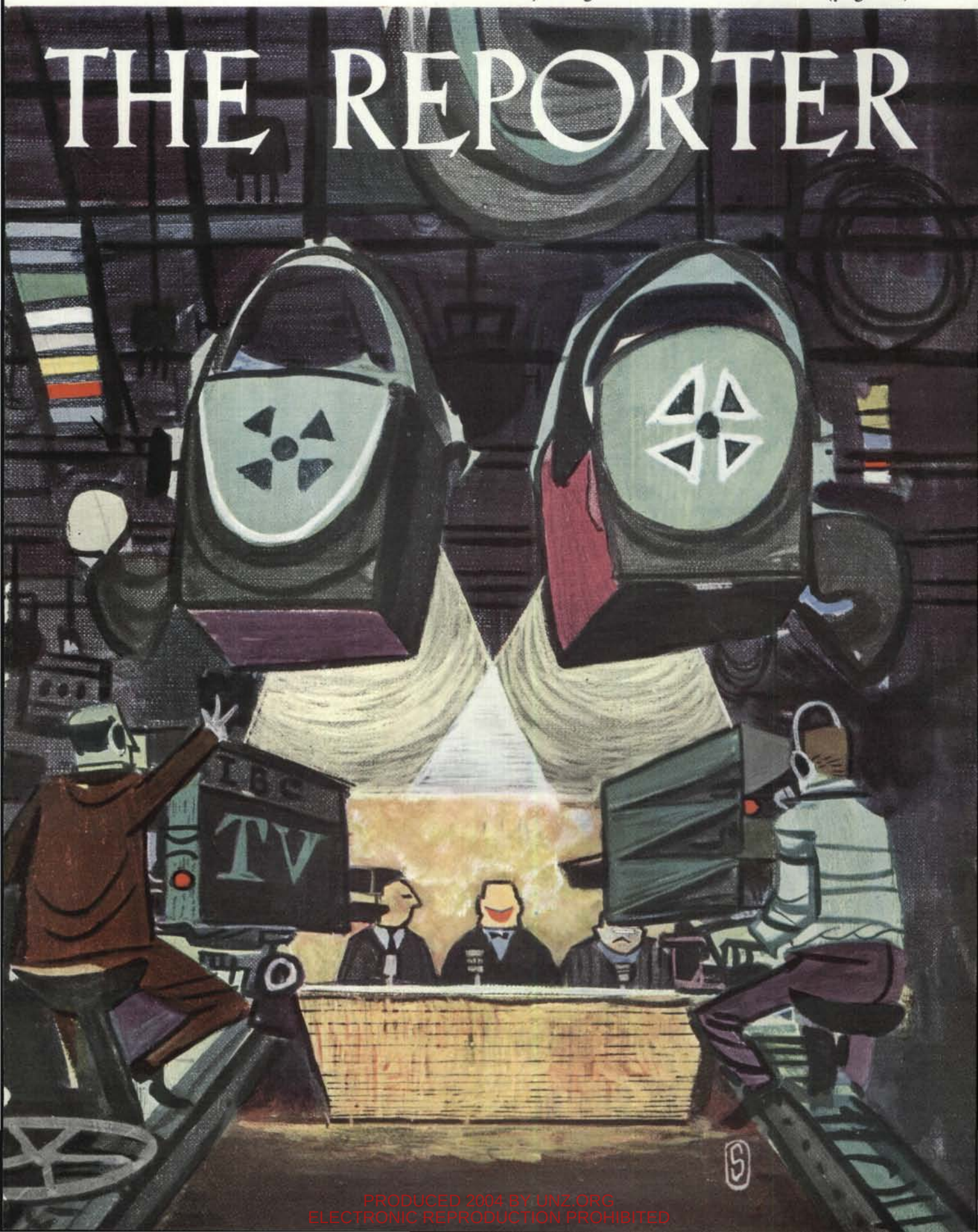
THE NEW CONSERVATISM

June 16, 1955 25¢

Every Congressman a Television Star (page 26)

THE REPORTER



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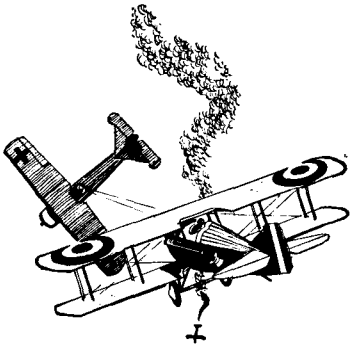
A red-nosed Fokker slowly spun to earth



AT 4:35 P.M., on October 30, 1918, a lone Spad biplane, marked with the symbol of the "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron, hawked down through the quiet skies over Grande Pré. Seconds later, a twenty-round burst of its guns smashed full into the center of a low-flying Fokker and sent the German plane swirling earthward like an autumn leaf.

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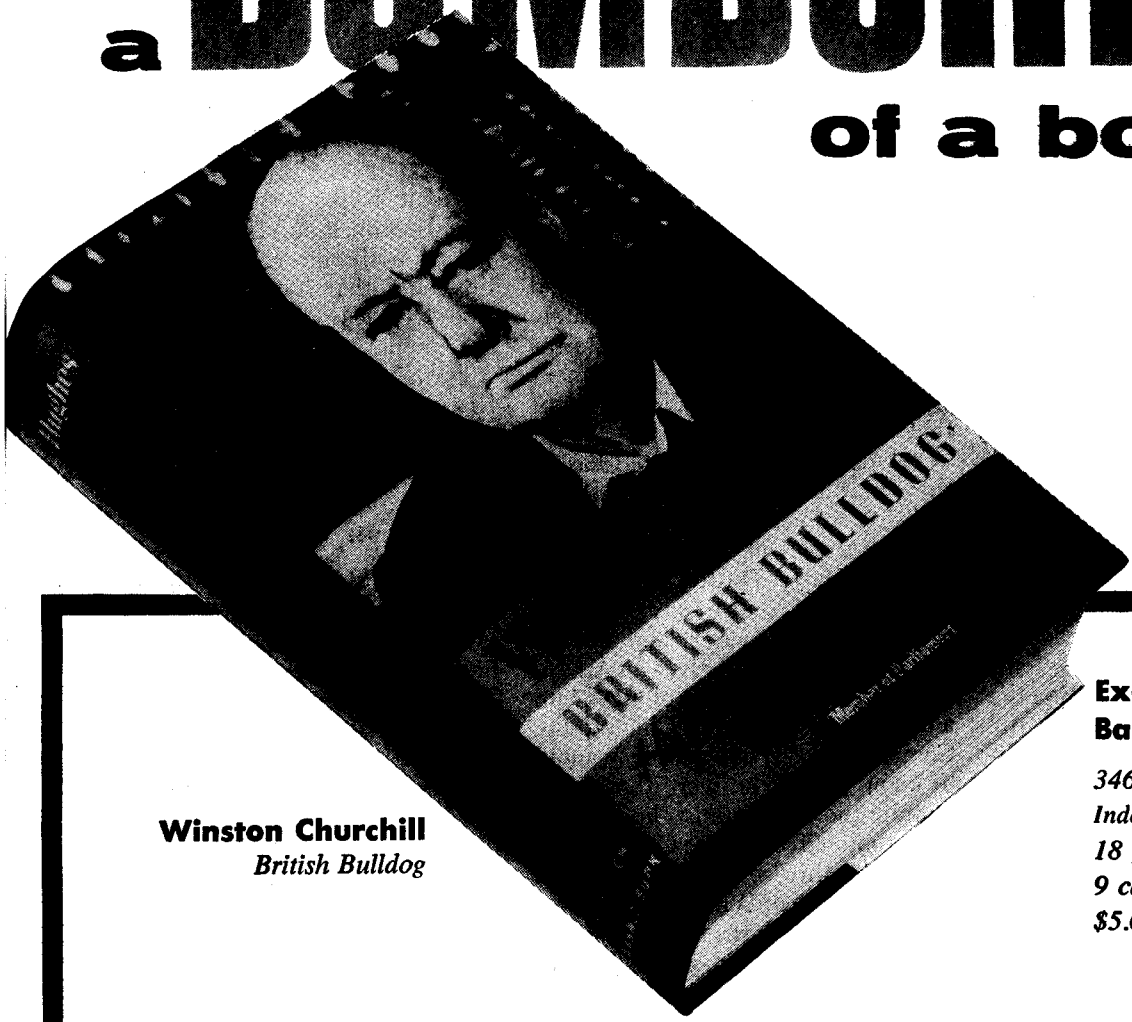

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On hearing that Hughes was leaving journalism for politics, George Bernard Shaw sent him a typical G.B.S. postcard: "Another first-rater lured into the gabble shop and lost. I am praying daily for your defeat." Mr. Hughes is still a Member of Parliament.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Menace Exposed

Senator Styles Bridges's Republican Policy Committee, going deeply into the business of political research, has come up with a 168-page treatise entitled "Americans for Democratic Action—its origins, aims and character—and its designs upon the Democratic Party." The document, intended to point out the menace of the organization, has not only been distributed to all Republican Senators but is also available to the Democratic side upon which A.D.A has designs.

Considerable expense and hard work have clearly gone into the study, which brings together the totals of A.D.A.'s political expenditures and lists of long-past contributors (whom A.D.A., thus being reminded of them, may now again set out to dun). Senator Bridges's research staff has manfully gone through back files of A.D.A. publications, scoured James Wechsler's writings in the New York *Post,* and examined the A.D.A.'s evaluation of members of Congress, including Senator Bridges himself.

One untoward result of the burrowing by Bridges's researchers is that there is not much mystery left about what some Republicans used to describe as a sinister, far-flung organization.

A.D.A. stands revealed as a rather small outfit, with forty to forty-five thousand members and an operating budget of only about $200,000 a year. No millions in A.D.A. coffers. It also appears that the A.D.A.-ers do not do their work in catacombs but testify openly at Congressional hearings, publicly endorse candidates for public office, and sell literature for money.

The dilemma of the Republican Policy Committee was how to reconcile the supposedly menacing character of the A.D.A. with the fact that it is obviously composed of militantly anti-Communist liberals. Statements of such founders as Francis Biddle, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Reinhold Niebuhr, and James Wechsler are accurately quoted, and these men's distaste for the American Communist movement is fully documented. Where does that leave the menace?

Yet the Policy Committee has to show that there is evil in the A.D.A., and so it brings in the *Amerasia* case and the stories of William Remington and Harry Dexter White. The A.D.A. hadn't been born at the time of the *Amerasia* affair, and neither Remington nor White was an A.D.A. member, so the treatise plunges into a diatribe on the loss of China to the Communists. "What people wanted to know was: Who were those promoting the Communist line? Who were those affecting the Government policy in this respect? To give a specific instance: Who inspired President Truman's instructions given to General Marshall when he first set out for China?"

The inspiration certainly did not come from the A.D.A., which did not exist in 1945. Still, the Committee charges, there are plenty of New Dealers in the A.D.A. and moreover it advocates New Deal programs—the Brannan farm plan, for instance. A point is made of the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt and her son Franklin, Jr., are both officers of the organization, and that it annually sponsors Roosevelt Day dinners. There is also the point, made in passing, that A.D.A. once endorsed General Eisenhower for the Presidency.

The A.D.A. is selling reprints of the report at fifty cents a copy.

Relaxation of Tension

It appears that "Marty," the movie made from Paddy Chayevsky's TV love story of a Bronx butcher and highly praised by the New York *Times,* the *Herald Tribune, Time, Newsweek, Variety,* and almost everyone else at home, has now received a rave notice in the Communist Party organ *Pravda.* "It truly depicts the life of simple folk in America," pronounced its Moscow critic on May 31, without attempting to show that it depicts that life as being downtrodden—which, as anyone who has laughed and cried at "Marty" can testify, it doesn't. Quite the opposite, in fact.

How did this admission slip out of Moscow? Was it due to the absence of *Pravda's* responsible editor, Dmitry Shepilov, who was away on urgent ideological business in Bel-

FILLING THE VACUUM

Ah, happy band, for months without a voice,
Which now in William Knowland can rejoice!
Hearing again the hoarse and patriot roar
Condemning past but courting future war,
Damning diplomacy as cowardice
And compromise as the betrayer's kiss,
Doubting our allies while defending those
Who might in time be allies of our foes,
Demanding action as a show of force
When only wisdom is salvation's course.
So say we, happy band! Bereft of Joe
Yet learning once again which way to go.

—SEC

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grade in the retinue of his party chief, Khrushchev? Will *Pravda's* rash critic now be found to have indulged in right-wing diversionism and petty-bourgeois wrecking?

Or could it be that some more devious motive underlies *Pravda's* sudden enthusiasm for an American thing? Can we safely assume that under a régime in which artistic judgments are handed down in the name of party and state, the acclaim of "Marty" was not actually dictated by Kremlin policy? Could it be part of the new Soviet tactic of smooth blandishment of the West, or a Trojan-horse scheme calculated to make "Marty" become a divisive issue at home, causing confusion and embarrassment in the ranks of the estimable citizens who had originally backed it and endorsed it?

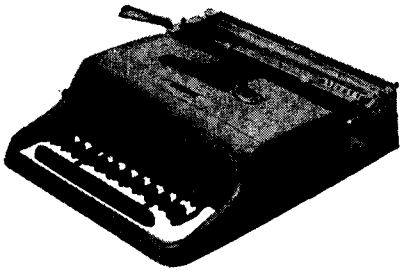
In spite of what *Pravda* said, we still think "Marty" is a whopping good movie.

Required Reading

Last month, thirty thousand tenants in the twenty-eight Federally aided low-income housing projects in Greater New York received from their landlord, the City Housing Authority, an ominous small-print, legal-size form covered by an Official Notice ("DO NOT LOSE OR DESTROY") stating "YOU MUST SIGN THE ENCLOSED CERTIFICATE AND RETURN IT . . . PROPERLY WITNESSED . . . IF YOU FAIL . . . WE SHALL BE COMPELLED TO START LEGAL ACTION FOR YOUR REMOVAL. . . ."

The certificate is a loyalty-oath form, listing 283 groups on the "Consolidated List of Organizations Designated by the Attorney General of the U.S. as within Executive Order No. 10450" and requiring the tenant to certify that he has "carefully read (or had read to me)" the entire list and that neither he nor anyone residing with him *is*, to the best of his knowledge, information, or belief, a member of any of the said 283. No Spanish translation of this document has so far been provided for some three thousand Puerto Rican tenants.

By the June 1 deadline, 21,651 tenants had completed the work of reading, or having read to them, the massive subversive list ("American Committee to Survey Labor Condi-



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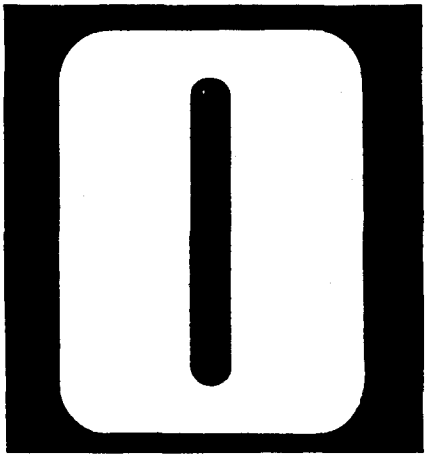

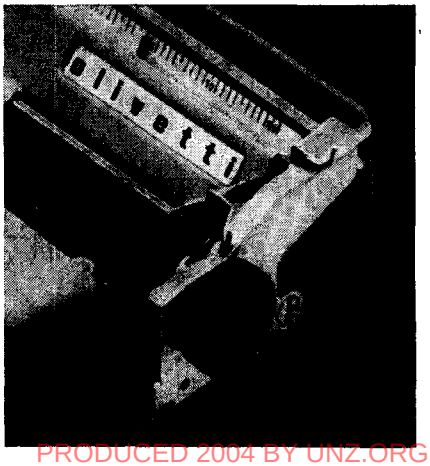

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tions in Europe . . . Chopin Cultural Center . . . Heimuska Kai, also known as Nokubei Heieki Gimusha Kai, Zaibei Nihonjin, Heiyaku Gimusha Kai, and Zaibei Heimusha Kai . . . National Blue Star Mothers of America [Not to be confused with the Blue Star Mothers of America] . . . Palo Alto Peace Club . . . Walt Whitman School of Social Science, Newark, New Jersey . . .") and had sworn that their records were clean. That leaves about another 8,500 tenants to go before the eviction ax falls on June 24.

Meanwhile, to complicate matters, Attorney General Brownell has reported to the President that he hopes to add some thirty more organizations to the proscribed list, which raises the question as to whether the tenants may have to execute a supplementary oath. On the other hand, Republican ex-Senator Harry P. Cain, now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, denounces the whole existing list as "vastly misleading" on the ground that barely thirty of its listings are or were actual "front" groups within the meaning of the Internal Security Act, and that about 150 of its total are defunct anyway.

AMID the numerical conflict and the proliferation of oaths, amendments, corrections, evictions, and stays of evictions that may result from it, a commercial firm just organized in Los Angeles under the name "Loyalty Enterprises" offers a new solution. Just send in one dollar, and the firm will forward you your own "loyalty kit" for framing on your wall, featuring a certificate in red, white, and blue, with pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and the White House, and bearing the printed "I am not now and never have been a member of . . ." attestation with space for your own signature below. You can insert the names of any organizations you wish.

OBJECT LESSON

Fliers freed, what got you out—
Careful word or rabid shout?
Fliers freed, what set you free—
Bluster or diplomacy?

—SEC

Ghosts All

Elsewhere in this issue we point a scornful finger at efforts by a Republican group in Washington to accommodate politics to the level of the cheap television commercial. The programs come prearranged, predigested, even pre-enacted. All the politician has to do is lend his image.

This tendency to reduce individual effort to a bare minimum extends to many fields and is bipartisan. At least this is what we gather from a letter we have seen that was sent out for the CIO—California Industrial Union Council by John A. Despol, its legislative representative:

"Dear Friend: We are inviting you, as a member of the articulate liberal community in your area, to take advantage of our Legislative Secretarial Service. Over 800 citizens, holding pro-liberal-labor views in California have already signed up . . ." Attached to the letter was a business card with which one could sign up, reading: "I hereby authorize the CIO State Council to act as my Legislative Secretary on any State and National legislation endorsed or opposed by CIO. I understand I will receive an original and carbon copy of my correspondence typed for me by the council. I will mail my original copy to my legislator." These prewritten letters, preaddressed and prestamped, the recipient was informed, "will be concerned with issues which are important, timely and controversial. The point of view expressed will be based on liberal-labor attitudes which most liberals generally hold."

Mr. Despol, who closed his letter "Legislatively yours," promised that "This secretarial service will mean more letters on important issues to your legislators. . . ."

There you have it. Maybe it's a standard habit of pressure groups in California and elsewhere. The citizen sends his legislator prewritten, prestamped letters. The legislator responds with a variety of ghosted techniques, including ghosted TV appearances. Automation marches on.

The Reporter regrets misspelling the name of former Ambassador Myron M. Cowen as signed to his article in the June 2 issue.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRESS AND SECURITY

To the Editor: I have just read Murray Green's article "Intelligence on a Silver Platter" in your issue of May 19. I do not know Mr. Green very well, but I understand he is in the Defense Establishment somewhere. I think he might better have made his criticism of his own superiors than to have included newspapers in the criticism. No newspaper of which I have any knowledge has deliberately printed any classified material not previously released by the Department of Defense or its subordinate agencies. If too much material has been declassified, or material that should have been classified has not been classified, the responsibility is not that of the press but is that of the Defense Establishment.

It is also difficult for me to understand how the failure of the Defense Establishment to use the classifying authority that it already possesses is going to be remedied by giving the power to withhold additional matter outside the present classifications. What better assurance is there that the new tools will be used any more effectively than the old ones?

To describe our publication of Nike photographs as "one case of recent disclosure" suggests that we have jeopardized the nation's defense. I resent the use of this language and I deny that the publication involved could be described as a "disclosure" in view of the circumstances.

The front-page photographs furnished to us were not obtained in connection with a speech by Major General James Gavin, or any other general trying to defend the Army or get publicity for the Army. Our reporter John G. Norris obtained them on a visit to the headquarters of the Continental Air Defense Command. They had been declassified and were given official release by the subordinate Army Anti-Aircraft Command at the Continental Air Defense Command Headquarters.

I yield to no one in my respect for Elmer Davis, but it seems to me that newspapers have a right to depend upon the judgment of competent military commanders when deciding whether or not a given publication will jeopardize security. So far as I know, not one of the officers involved in this release has been given any reprimand or remonstrance that would indicate that his superiors in the Army or in the Air Force or in the Defense Establishment regarded this publication as a breach of security or a "case of recent disclosure."

Mr. Green's article states that the Davis letter on the Nike battery sites criticized our article because it "pinpointed their locations around the capital." Mr. Davis did not say this in his letter. Our article did not pinpoint Nike sites around the capital. Mr. Davis objected to the disclosure of the one single Nike site involved. We divulged only one site, and that with official approval.

I have before me a letter from R. Karl Honaman authorizing the publication of photographs of a Nike guided missile. Also at hand is a letter from the Acting Chief of Information and Education Division of the Department of the Army, inviting us to visit the Nike site at Lorton, Virginia, and to photograph this site. I submit that it is simply ridiculous to ask or expect newspaper editors to say to these officials of the Defense Establishment that we have no confidence in their judgment as to what is or is not compatible with our security. If they say that material may be released with profit to the country's information and without danger to its safety, I think we are entitled to publish that material.

Notwithstanding the criticism of Mr. Green and of some others, my own confidence in the good sense, loyalty, and patriotism of those in command of our armed forces has not been diminished. I do not believe they would deliberately divulge security information of value to our enemies. If we cannot trust them to observe security, how can we trust them to run the armed forces? If we cannot take their word for it when they say that a given piece of information will not violate security, how can we depend upon them for decisions upon which the safety of thousands of our troops, or the very survival of our nation, might depend? Is the press to substitute its judgment on what may not be printed for that of defense officials? Is the press to censor the Department of Defense?

The fact that Mr. Green's superiors "cleared" his article, which includes a reproach to the press for publishing information that those superiors asked the press to publish, adds to my sense of outrage. The only way that the newspapers could prevent the kind of reproach that Mr. Green visits upon them would be to cease entirely to publish anything about a department of the government which employs more personnel and spends more money than any other department. If they are ever intimidated by this kind of criticism into withholding from the American people all information that an adroit enemy might put to some possible use, citizens will not only be deprived of facts necessary to a sound judgment of public affairs but they will be denied the information needed in the conduct of their own private business.

It astonishes me that *The Reporter* "tends to agree" with this article.

J. R. WIGGINS
Managing Editor
Washington *Post and Times-Herald*
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Green Replies:

I have no quarrel with Mr. Wiggins over his responsibility for the Nike disclosure of December 8, 1954. Readers may recall my article pointedly supported his position by quoting him as saying: "If we are handed pictures or copy about weapons we must assume they are intended for public enlightenment. It is absurd to expect editors voluntarily to censor what the Defense people say we can publish."

The guilty parties in recent guided-missile leaks, in the considered opinion of a recent Senate Appropriations Committee report, have been service partisans.

Our security dikes cannot be rendered leakproof without the help of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The first task, it seems, is to convince the Freedom of Information Committee's chairman, but Mr. Wiggins's sense of outrage evidently does not extend to some of his A.S.N.E. fellow members who, without any handouts from service zealots, have perpetrated security leaks of the gravest nature without being punished for their criminal acts.

Mr. Wiggins says he has no knowledge of any classified material deliberately printed in the press. I should like to assist his memory in this matter. Without getting too current on this because of my position, I think we all have painful recollections of how our M-Day plans against the Axis were disclosed in a tabloid "scoop" on December 4, 1941; and how a newspaper in 1942 triumphantly disclosed that we had broken the Japanese code at Midway; and how in 1947 a magazine disclosed vital data on how the Air Force XS-1, the first plane to penetrate the sonic barrier, accomplished this feat. The first two cases probably prolonged the Second World War, and I dare say we paid a heavy installment on the XS-1 disclosure over Mig Alley in Korea.

I apologize to Mr. Wiggins on one point. As he correctly asserts, the Norris article which prompted Elmer Davis's critical letter did not pinpoint Nike sites around Washington. My research notes erroneously related them to the Nike disclosures. Actually the pinpointing was done by Raymond Thompson in the Baltimore *Sun* of September 19, 1954, who enumerated the sites "forming a race track-shaped ring about 90 miles long and 60 miles wide around Baltimore and Washington." The article was accompanied by excellent photographs, including one wide-angled closeup of a Nike installation under construction near Granite, Maryland. I apologize to J. R. Wiggins, managing editor of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, but I submit that J. R. Wiggins, A.S.N.E. executive, must share the responsibility for this disclosure.

Dr. Ascoli Replies:

Mr. Wiggins asks whether the press should censor the Defense Department. If the question has to be taken literally, I can, of course, only answer with a horrified "No!" But if by "censor" Mr. Wiggins means "edit," then my answer is "Yes." Mr. Wiggins is the last person on earth who needs to be told that the function of an editor is to edit. It may happen that a piece of news that has been duly "cleared" by the proper authorities had best be edited out entirely. Every editor must expect to be called a "censor" sometimes. I am sure this must have happened to Mr. Wiggins. It certainly has happened to me.

I do not see why every release from a government department has the innate right to be printed; neither do I see why a system of journalistic self-control and of cooperation with the government should not work in the United States as well as it does in Britain. This is approximately what Mr. Green has said, and this is why I tend to agree with him.—M. A.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITORIAL could be called "Variations on a President's Theme." In our last issue **Max Ascoli** examined the danger facing our nation now that the course of international events has become so swift and fluid. In a future editorial he will examine our prospects and hopes.

IT SEEMS a ritual in the intellectual history of our country: Every generation produces a conservative revival. The strange thing about avowed militant conservatism is that although the term has political connotations and the movement has its political effects, conservatism in America mostly expresses self-criticism on the part of intellectuals. **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.** analyzes some of the ideas advanced by avowed conservatives during the last few years.

At Harvard, where Mr. Schlesinger teaches, the neo-conservative theories he describes can be seen in action. **James Reichley** brings a firsthand report on the various movements, countermovements, and debates that are carried out by the students. The conservative waves, or ripples, in the Harvard pond seem to indicate a feeble interest in politics.

Conservatism, which is no more than a recurring fad in the United States, is a political reality in Great Britain; much of what Mr. Schlesinger says of the tradition of democratic Toryism is borne out by the results of the British elections. **Hewart Bailey,** a man with sound knowledge of British and American politics, was in England during the campaign.

STRANGE RUMORS have been coming from Argentina, a Catholic country now being swept by an anti-Catholic movement led by President Perón. We asked **Herbert L. Matthews,** who has recently spent two months in Argentina for his paper, the New York *Times*, to give us an eyewitness account. Why is Perón acting against the Catholic Church? Mr. Matthews is too skillful and experienced an observer to risk an easy answer. The logic of dictatorship is peculiar, but it is safe to say that dictatorship always needs to invent an internal enemy for use as a scapegoat. Some of the victims of dictatorships have been those upon whom the label of supranationalism, or cosmopolitanism, can be pinned.

Isaac Deutscher, a regular contributor, reports on the recent Soviet change of mind about Tito and, what is less well known, the fact that in other satellite countries the Soviets are also rewriting history and are busy rehabilitating even the dead.

Ray Alan writes from the Near East to warn us of the mounting resistance in that part of the world to pressures from Washington.

TELEVISION should bring the politicians a most welcome relief from the inhuman chores of electioneering. But rather than learn how to handle the new medium, they are grossly misusing it, as **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, reports. The people are no fools; instead of bringing a new dimension to politics, this misuse will only aggravate public mistrust of politicians. In this issue **Eric Sevareid** and **Marya Mannes** also have something to say about TV.

Vic Reinemer, formerly associate editor of the Charlotte, North Carolina, *News,* is administrative and press assistant to Senator James Murray (D., Montana). He reports on the much-discussed question of fluoridation. Have the Russians really been poisoning our West Point Cadets?

"The Eagles of Swaziland" is **Robert Ardrey's** third African story for *The Reporter.*

Mark Van Doren, poet (*Selected Poems*), critic (*Shakespeare*), and author of *Nobody Say a Word and Other Stories,* inquires into the nature of the historical novel.

Anne Fremantle's latest book is *The Age of Belief.*

Our cover is by **San Bon Matsu.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8

The Conservatives

POLITICS OF NOSTALGIA . . . . . *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.* 9

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES AT OLD HARVARD . . . . . *James Reichley* 12

BRITAIN'S POLITICAL PENDULUM . . . . . *Hewart Bailey* 16

At Home & Abroad

JUAN PERON'S WAR WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH . . *Herbert L. Matthews* 19

THE GREAT FLIGHT FROM STALINISM . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 23

WESTERN PACTOMANIA IN THE MIDDLE EAST . . . . . *Ray Alan* 24

EVERY CONGRESSMAN A TELEVISION STAR . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 26

THE VORACIOUS MONSTER . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 27

IS FLUORIDATION A MARXIST PLOT? . . . . . *Vic Reinemer* 28

Views & Reviews

THE EAGLES OF SWAZILAND . . . . . *Robert Ardrey* 31

Channels: AS REPORTED TO MOSCOW . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 34

THE THOUSAND FACES OF SPAIN . . . . . *Mark Van Doren* 35

THE FURTHER TRAVELS OF 'AN AMIABLE PRETTY MAN' . . . *Anne Fremantle* 38

BOOK NOTES 40

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Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

I know a fellow who used to have the ceiling of his guest bedroom covered with travel posters.

Every time the urge to travel hit him, he would lie down until he got his fill of faraway places with strange-sounding names—or fell asleep.

He loved to travel, you see, but he hated the inconveniences that go with travel abroad. He never knew whom to tip and how much, he worried about hotels and what they would cost, he couldn't decide what clothes to take or what to pack them in, and he never remembered what kind of currency was worth how much.

But his ceiling-travelling is over now. For a kind friend (and I'm too modest to mention any names) introduced him to Richard Joseph's travel books.

There are plenty of books that tell you *where* to travel (and Joseph has that, too); but there are very few that explain all the little details about *how* to travel (from buying your ticket to getting through customs), and no one can beat Joseph at this.

He has two big books: "World Wide Travel Guide" ($3.95), and "Your Trip to Britain" ($4.50); and two indispensable pocket-sized books: "The 1955 World Wide Money Converter and Tipping Guide" ($1.00) and "Richard Joseph's and Muriel Richter's 1955 World Wide Travel Regulations Made Easy" ($1.50).

If you're going abroad this summer, or have friends who are going, remember that "Richard Joseph" read forward, or at random, spells "travel made easy."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Richard Joseph travel books are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Robert Jay Misch's Foreign Dining Dictionary" ($1.25), a pocket guide to foreign foods and wines. Any of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or from the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, seven of which are in New York City, convenient to docks and airline terminals. Bon voyage!

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MAX ASCOLI

There Is No Alternative

THERE is a stirring in the air this summer, a scurrying around of statesmen and diplomats all over the world; they go sometimes reluctantly, sometimes with the zest of the busybody. But no matter what prompts the international gatherings at the highest or at the medium level, no matter what the results of each conference may be, it is not likely that the present whirl of East-West negotiations will soon come to an end. Our ever-traveling Secretary of State has become the pace setter for high-ranking diplomats. For quite some time, domestic and international politics have fostered intercontinental tourism. During his Presidential campaign, General Eisenhower said that if elected he would go to Korea. Sir Anthony Eden has gone him one better—already he is pledged to go to two Big Four meetings if necessary. Just as the President did, Sir Anthony will unquestionably live up to his word.

Mr. Khrushchev and Premier Bulganin are certainly free of any obligation toward the Russian voters, but they too are set to do quite a lot of traveling, as soon as they have recovered from their not too successful tour of Yugoslavia. Maybe they themselves didn't know too well what they were after when they first landed in Belgrade and Khrushchev opened his arms to the prodigal son. Perhaps all these great men, in the East as well as in the West, are trying to ride a wave they know exists although they can only wonder where it may carry them.

Ten years ago, the victorious powers met at San Francisco to design an order in the world that would outlaw war. Only between the major powers was war still considered possible, and the San Francisco Charter could not produce anything better than the assumption—or the prayer—that on all questions vitally affecting them, the major powers would always agree.

Specifically, the prospect of a war between Soviet Russia and the West was a chance the new international body had to take. It had to because otherwise there would have been no Charter and no U.N. Ten years later, it has turned out that this is exactly the one chance that neither the U.N. nor the world can take. The President has said it: "There is no longer any alternative to peace."

It is good that the President has decided to go and address the opening session of the U.N.'s tenth anniversary meeting at San Francisco. We feel confident that once again he will speak about the fact he has so tersely registered. For it is this fact that has set the world astir, is changing the course of men's lives, and keeps the diplomats on the move.

IT IS an overwhelming, a nearly unthinkable fact. Yet it must be thought through. It has never happened before that peace was set loose, deprived of that alternative which used to give it conditions and limits. Peace has lost its shadow. A world where there is no alternative to peace is a singularly rudderless one, and one in desperate need of new rudders. Or else we Americans drift in the kind of peace that suits the Communists – the peace that, for a while, may lead us to "Fortress America."

The kind of peace we have been experiencing during the last ten years is one the Communists have doled out to us—an in-between, neither-war-nor-peace condition, somewhat ineptly called "cold war." It is now being said by a number of reputable people that this "cold war" is drawing to an end. What is actually happening is that Communist military aggression is becoming increasingly unlikely, for in the present balance of terror between East and West, no war is likely to remain local or limited.

Since it has become clear that a war in Europe would unavoidably be fought with atomic weapons, war is no longer an alternative to the cruel peace that keeps Europe—and Germany—divided. As soon as the prospect of a conflict with China over the Formosa Strait became serious enough, it was extremely doubtful that it could be kept from spreading to other parts of the world. The same fact is borne out all along the line that divides East and West: There is no alternative to peace.

Yet the world cannot remain stuck to *this* peace. The two major antagonistic powers, in all truth, are negotiating from strength—a strength they both know cannot be put to a test. An equilibrium or balance of power has been reached that must be stabilized, at least for some time, while the weapons of total destruction are being eliminated. As the role played by these arms decreases—as it must—the power of ideas can increasingly make itself felt.

IT IS HERE that the superiority of democracy over Communism can be unmistakably and finally proved. In the competition of ideas, the test lies in thinking through the hardest facts. The hardest fact today is that while for at least some time there is no alternative to peace, ways must be found to register and promote changes in the international order—changes that may give to larger and larger masses of men the chance to build their freedom. The most unprecedented of these facts and the hardest to grasp is the one the President sternly proclaimed.

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The New Conservatism: Politics of Nostalgia

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

No intellectual phenomenon has been more surprising in recent years than the revival in the United States of conservatism as a respectable social philosophy. For decades liberalism seemed to have everything its way. The bright young men were always liberals; the thoughtful professors were generally liberals; even conservatives, like the late Senator Taft, began in despair to avow themselves liberals.

But in the last year or two, it has all seemed to change. Fashionable intellectual circles now dismiss liberalism as naïve, ritualistic, sentimental, shallow. With a whoop and a roar, a number of conservative prophets have materialized out of the wilderness, exhuming conservatism, revisiting it, revitalizing it, preaching it—Russell Kirk, saber in hand, a Cavalier on a black horse; Peter Viereck, rearing high on a charger while he fires his six-shooter vigorously in all directions; Clinton Rossiter, cool and businesslike, driving an unassuming Chevrolet: all with dozens of disciples deploying behind them, and many more well-wishers cheering them on from the sidelines. Today, we are told, the bright young men are conservatives; the thoughtful professors are conservatives; even a few liberals, in their own cycle of despair, are beginning to avow themselves conservatives.

Since we seem to be in the midst of a counter-revolution in political philosophy, it would be well to examine the new gospel. For even if the prophets of the New Conservatism speak by no means with a single voice, yet they have been articulate and reasonably coherent in sketching a common outline of faith.

To begin with, they feel that liberalism had its chance and failed. Much of the mess and wreckage of the contemporary world have resulted, in their belief, from illusions inculcated by liberalism. They condemn liberalism for its optimism, its emotional thinness, its disdain for the past, its faith in the application of intelligence to social problems. In its place they propose a return to the time-hallowed principles of conservatism. They feel that continuity, tradition, prescription, order, inequality, a prejudice against change, and reverence for authority are

the hallmarks of the good society. They contend that the only hope for America lies in the speedy elevation of these conservative principles to the highest place in our national life.

Their favorite sage is the great British conservative Edmund Burke. They could not, of course, go to a better master; for no Anglo-Saxon political philosopher has written more penetratingly or profoundly about the nature of civil society and the processes of social change. And they rightly see that there flows from Burke the grand tradition of British conservatism, adorned by such names as Coleridge, Shaftesbury, Disraeli, and Winston Churchill—a tradition inspired by a belief in the organic character of society, where power implies responsibility and where all classes should be united in harmonious union by a sense of common trust and mutual obligation.

'Feudal Socialism'

This tradition, it can be easily seen, represents the ethical afterglow of feudalism. In medieval days, inequality of rank and condition was tempered (in theory, at least) by a sense of the reciprocal duties of status. Society was a living moral unity, not just a bundle of cold commercial relationships.

The conservative prophets fully acknowledged their feudal antecedents. Burke, lamenting the passing of the age of chivalry, cried that the age of sophisters, economists, and calculators had succeeded, and the glory of Europe was therefore extinguished forever. Disraeli regarded the principle of feudalism as "the ablest, the grandest, the most magnificent and benevolent that was ever conceived by sage or practiced by patriot." The essence of British conservatism has been, in short, to try and apply the social values of feudalism to the emerging problems of modern business society.

In making this effort, the humanitarian aristocrats inevitably collided with the laissez-faire liberalism of the rising business community. To their natural disdain for these parvenu merchants and manufacturers, the socially minded aristocrats began to add a disposition to call in the state to redress the balance of society on

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behalf of the poor. Thus Shaftesbury demanded legislative intervention to protect factory workers from the greed of their employers. Thus Disraeli expounded what Karl Marx scornfully described as "feudal socialism," seeking to rally the oppressed behind the leadership of a benevolent government and a socially responsible aristocracy. Thus Lord Randolph Churchill developed the doctrines of Tory democracy under the slogan "Trust the people." And thus his son Winston became a leading figure in the great Liberal reforms before the First World War.

It is essentially a romantic nostalgia for this great tradition which animates the New Conservatives of contemporary America. Some of them, it must be admitted, have tried to give their conservatism a native line of descent, but the search for philosophic roots in a business society only results in stringing together a collection of incompatible names—the Adamses, Alexander Hamilton, John C. Calhoun, Theodore Roosevelt, Irving Babbitt, most of whom cordially detested the rest—in an unconvincing and thoroughly artificial genealogy. The deeper passion of the New Conservatives, one feels, is for the rich, humane, and somber sentiments of European conservatism, based on culture, morality, and tradition, not on the accumulation of money. They want a ruling class, but one composed of responsible patricians, not of successful shopkeepers.

Yet obvious difficulties arise when the attempt is made to transplant the philosophy of aristocratic British conservatism to the United States. The faith of Burke and Disraeli emerged from a concrete social situation in a specific country. It represented the distillation and the legacy of centuries of British experience, including particularly the centuries of feudalism. And in the British ruling class it has had a continuing instrument to execute its purposes. Aristocratic leadership requires, in the first instance, the existence of an aristocracy.

The American experience has been quite another story. We had no feudal system; how can we expect to have feudal traditions? We have no aristocracy in the British sense; how can we expect to enjoy aristocratic leadership? For better or worse, our upper classes base their position not on land or tradition or a sense of social responsibility but on the folding stuff. They constitute not an aristocracy but a plutocracy.

This has been by no means a disadvantage for our country. Because our business class has suffered few social impediments in the way of its scramble for wealth, we have built here a dynamic and expanding economy which has done far more for the masses of the people than the protective and restrictionist economic life fostered by the feudal conservatism of Europe. But the very qualities of unbridled and creative acquisitiveness that account for the economic contributions of American business seem to disqualify it as a governing class. Very little that has happened since January 20, 1953, would render obsolete Henry Cabot Lodge's observation of half a century ago: "The businessman dealing with a large political question is really a painful sight. It does seem to me that businessmen, with a few exceptions, are worse when they come to deal with politics than men of any other class."

Conservatism founded on land is committed to permanence in a community and responds to social motives. Conservatism founded on money is fickle, selfish, and irresponsible; its chief object is to protect what it has and, if possible, to make more. The aristocrat, ideally at least, wants to protect the poor because in the end he regards the nation, rich and poor alike, as a single family. The plutocrat generally regards the poor as legitimate objects of exploitation, like any other commodity; as for the nation, its welfare, he believes, is assured so long as nobody interferes with the unlimited pursuit of his own self-interest. "A merchant's desire," that sturdy Tory Dr. Johnson once remarked, "is not of glory, but of gain; not of public wealth, but of private emolument; he is, therefore, rarely to be consulted on questions of war or peace, or any designs of wide extent and distant consequence." His characteristic faith is that what is good for General Motors is good for the country.

On May 28, 1903, a young British aristocrat, son of the most passionate of Tory democrats, left the British Conservative Party because he feared that the business community was taking it over. Under this commercial influence, he told the House of Commons, the Tory Party was becoming a new party, "like perhaps the Republican Party of the United States . . . rigid, materialist, and secular." Thus Winston Churchill expressed his sense of the difference between government by aristocrats and government by businessmen.

Laissez-faire Liberals

A favorite object of New Conservative derision is the liberal reformer who wishes to remake society by imposing on it abstract ideological schemes that bear no relation to concrete social circumstances. Yet what else are the New Conservatives themselves doing when they propose to apply the tradition of British Conservatism, that worthy child of feudalism and aristocracy, to the nonfeudal, nonaristocratic, dynamic, progressive business society of the United States? Liberals, heaven knows, have been foolishly romantic, but few have recently been so romantic as to suppose that American businessmen, after reading a few edifying tracts, are going to start behaving like the British landed gentry.

Involuntarily the New Conservatives acknowledge this, even if they do not let the acknowledgment disturb their argument. When they leave the stately field of rhetoric and get down to actual issues of social policy, they tend quietly to forget about Burke and Disraeli and to adopt the views of the American business community. The pull of the American situation, in other words, forces them into a leap from Tory fantasy into Republican reality.

No one illustrates this more compactly than Russell Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind* and *A Program for Conservatives*. Of all the New Conservatives, he seems the most devoted to Burke. Yet when he is not chastising liberal professors in the style of Burkean conservatism for the sins of rationalism and optimism, he is engaged in vehement warfare in the style of laissez-faire liberalism against the whole idea of humanitarian reform. The Federal school-

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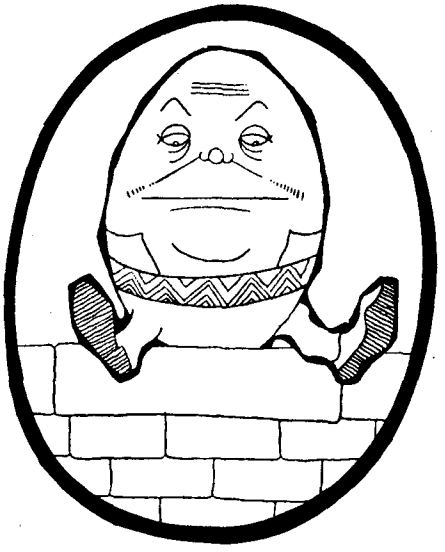
lunch program, he suggests, is a "vehicle for totalitarianism." The Social Security system "bears nearly all the marks of a remorseless collectivism." The United Auto Workers "has scarcely any more element of volition in it than the most arbitrary totalitarian state." We have injured our political order, he tells us, by adopting universal suffrage, direct primaries, and the popular election of Senators. On the subject of Senator McCarthy, he endorses the statement of the Messrs. Buckley and Bozell that McCarthyism is "a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks."

As for the idea of disposing of our public-power projects to the utilities, first proposed by Charles E. Wilson of General Electric and recently adopted with respect to TVA by the task force of the Hoover Commission, Professor Kirk describes this admiringly as "conservatism intelligently applied to our present discontents." If carried out, he suggests, it would be "the most important reversal of the drift toward a repressive collectivism which any nation has experienced in many years."

How far all this is from Disraeli with his legislation on behalf of trade unions, his demand for government intervention to improve working conditions, his belief in due process and civil freedom, his support for the extension of the suffrage, his insistence on the principle of compulsory education! If there is anything in contemporary America that might win the instant sympathy of men like Shaftesbury and Disraeli, it could well be the school-lunch program. But for all his talk about mutual responsibility and the organic character of society, Professor Kirk, when he gets down to cases, tends to become a roaring Manchester liberal of the Herbert Hoover school.

Coningsby, the aristocratic champion of the poor and oppressed in Disraeli's famous novel of the same name, cries, "I would make these slum-landlords skip." The people the New Conservatives seem interested in making skip are New Dealers, trade-union leaders, reformers, and, evidently, all those who can read without moving their lips. ("When a man is both a professor and an intellectual," says Professor Kirk, "he is loathsome; when he is professor and intellectual and ideologist rolled into one, he is unbearable.") One can find very little in any of the New Conservatives' writings—Professor Viereck's aside—calculated to upset a slum landlord.

So THE New Conservatism has strong interior tendencies toward schizophrenia. It attempts to unite the feudal traditions of British conservatism with the laissez-faire policies of American business. The offspring is a hybrid that retains little contact with the realities of either nation. The schizophrenia, it should be said, is by no means so noticeable in all the New Conservatives as it is in Professor Kirk. Professor Rossiter,



for example, abjures a good deal of both the Burkean mystique and the laissez-faire dogmatism; indeed, he occupies such moderate positions on social issues that it is hard to tell why he styles himself a conservative rather than a liberal. But the inner contradictions so visible in Professor Kirk would seem inherent in the whole enterprise of rehabilitating philosophical conservatism—or, at least, in the whole attempt to transplant aristocratic British conservatism to the business society of the United States.

The New Conservatism is thus severed from the American reality. The inevitable result is to condemn it to irrelevance in American life. If it has any significance today, it should be as a means of assisting the new conservative Administration in Washington to interpret its mandate and to devise genuinely conservative policies. But while liberal leaders always have their entourages of brain trusters and eggheads, nothing would be more incongruous than a New Conservative at a White House stag dinner, seated perhaps between a utilities executive and a football coach. Indeed, most New Conservatives are more at ease with their liberal colleagues and critics than they would be in an atmosphere where Locke is the name of a South African golf player and Burke the winner of the United States Open in 1931.

Aristocratic Leftists

The further paradox is that the aristocratic champion of the oppressed, in the Coningsby manner, is not an unfamiliar figure in the United States. But he is rarely to be found in the conservative party. From Jefferson and Jackson to the Roosevelts, Stevensons, and Harrimans of the twentieth century, the country squire has played an important role in American politics, summoning the commoners to battle against the forces of entrenched greed. Some day an enterprising graduate student will write a Ph.D. thesis on "The Contributions of Groton School to the American Left." This strain of aristocratic radicalism is, I suppose, our nearest counterpart to the tradition of Disraeli. But while the patrician Jeffersons and Roosevelts seek to restrain business rule as members of the liberal party, the conservative party in our country is essentially the party of business, dominated by what Theodore Roosevelt (who knew them well) once described as "men very powerful in certain lines and gifted with the 'money touch,' but with ideals which in their essence are merely those of so many glorified pawnbrokers."

The relationship with the business community must be the acid test of the New Conservatism. The New Conservatives can combat the business community, or they can seek to convert it, or they can base themselves squarely on it. (Or they can, like Peter Viereck, forsake politics and conceive the New Conservatism as essentially a moral and cultural movement: "In America," Professor Viereck wisely writes, "the conservative today can best start by being unpolitical.") Still, if they feel they

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have political contributions to make, the one thing they cannot do is to ignore the business community—and that, unfortunately, is what most of them do.

In Britain, of course, "feudal socialism" has so successfully infiltrated the Conservative Party under the Churchill - Eden - Butler leadership that Tory orators helped win the recent election with the claim that they had built more houses, planned more hospitals, and generated more social welfare than the Socialists. But it seems unlikely that the New Conservatives, even if they wanted to do so, are going to persuade the Republicans to out-New Deal the New Dealers. And there seems little disposition on the part of the New Conservatives to follow the Jefferson-Roosevelt country-squire tradition of making the merchants and bankers skip.

If conversion and opposition are thus ruled out, the New Conservatism, if it wishes to seek political reality, must accept the brutal fact that the only possible executor of a conservative tradition in American political life is the American business community. There could be a real intellectual challenge here in working out a social philosophy that would explain the purposes and the achievements of American capitalism. But it is not a social philosophy to be worked out in terms of Burke and Disraeli, or of Adams and Calhoun.

One somehow doubts the challenge will be taken up. For the New Conservatism is essentially the politics of nostalgia. Its emotions are honorable, generous—and irrelevant. It is a hothouse growth, carefully cultivated in the academies by men who dream they dwelt in marble halls. What matters in America is not the conservatism of the professors but the conservatism of the industrialists, bankers, and politicians —and in this case, the practical conservatives do not even maintain diplomatic relations with their own eggheads.

So long as the New Conservatism remains in its present elegiac mood, one can only feel that it is the wrong doctrine in the wrong country in the wrong century directed against the wrong enemies.

Young Conservatives At Old Harvard

JAMES REICHLEY

As one who follows the political activities of Harvard undergraduates with lively interest, naturally I was pleased to read an announcement in the Harvard *Crimson* of May 10 that the Harvard Young Conservative League was sponsoring a debate that evening in the New Lecture Hall. The speakers were to be Associate Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, and Russell Kirk, a leading spokesman for what has been called the New Conservatism.

The debate itself turned out to be a rather tame affair—Kirk told us how much he admired Schlesinger and Schlesinger allowed that he was glad to have Kirk around—but I knew that it would give me an opportunity to see again a number of the young friends I had made during my recent studies of undergraduate conservatism at Harvard. Sure enough, down in the front rows I spotted a group of young men, all wearing dark suits and rep ties, whom I knew to be the Young Conservatives.

I had first became acquainted with them during a bitter factional quarrel that had split their own ranks during the winter. Only a few months after the Conservative League had been formed, a rival student group calling itself the New Conservative Club had been organized to try to replace the League as the embodiment of true conservatism at Harvard. My interest in trying to learn just what the differences were between the League and the Club was whetted when the *Crimson* in January reported that the president of the League, David B. Cole, '55, had been ousted by the unanimous vote of his executive committee after having made peace overtures to the Club.

Former President Cole was reported as saying that his League had acquired a "stigma" during its activities in the spring of 1954 which it had never been able to throw off, and that he believed the New Conservative Club would provide a "fresh statement" of conservatism at Harvard. But a spokesman for the League, Vice-President Robert A. Knudson, '58, declared that he could detect no difference in principle between the two organizations other than that the Club was excluding from membership anybody who "might like a certain Senator from Wisconsin." The leader of the Club, William C. Brady, '57, was reported to have said that "the League should be disbanded and then a hard core be permitted to organize a Ten Thousand for Joe Club."

This dispute was only the latest in a jolting series of schisms and feuds that had troubled the course of the New Conservatism ever since I had come to Cambridge in September, and I decided to meet its principals and try to find out what was going on among them. A friend of mine, an old Socialist, remarked somewhat nostalgically that the factional strife with which contemporary conservatism seems to rock reminded him of similar wrangles within left-wing organizations during their heyday in the 1920's and early 1930's.

The original League had grown out of the efforts of a group of undergraduates, encouraged by several alumni, to organize an anti-Communist movement on the campus. In its formative stage it had gone through a period when a group of extremists, headed by one Quinlan Shea, had announced a program of trying to root out any faculty members whose classroom lectures showed indications of radicalism. Soon the League renounced the Shea faction, but then some of its "moderates" moved behind Brady to form the New Conservative Club.

Brady seemed a logical beginning,

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and so I made a date with him for lunch at Adams House. While we talked my eyes roved among the portraits that line the hall with ancestral splendor, including that of John Reed, an alumnus who is buried in the Kremlin.

"We New Conservatives," Brady said, "are dedicated to liberty, diversity, reasoned authority. We—I think I may speak for the entire Club—are opposed to all forms of compulsion, whether of the Right or of the Left. Moderation is of the essence of true conservatism, and therefore we naturally cannot approve of extreme or arbitrary acts of coercion by men of whatever political persuasion, whatever party. We insist that human law is ultimately traceable to divine law, that we down here are responsible for our acts to Somebody up there. You'll find that in our constitution. There was some disagreement on that point, a bit of dissent in committee, but we argued it out and we brought the dissenters around." Listening to Brady, one has the feeling of being addressed as a public meeting. He has an excellent speaking voice, and he uses it. His heavy eyebrows are drawn slightly together while he talks, recalling pictures of Daniel Webster, whom he somewhat resembles.

"If I had been in the Senate during the debate on censure of Senator McCarthy," he told me, "I should have felt it my duty to cast my vote with the 'Ayes' on the censure resolution. I fully recognize the virtue of the position taken by such men as Senator Knowland—a great man, I might say, and the man most representative of the true conservatism whom we find in public life today—but it is my own feeling that to vote against censure would in effect have been to place the Senate's seal of approval on McCarthy and McCarthyism."

I asked him about his difficulties with the Conservative League and what he thought of the League's removal of David Cole from its presidency.

Brady gazed thoughtfully out the the window. "David Cole is a likeable chap, but—how shall I phrase it?—I think he has never been the true master of his own organization. David came over to my room the other night. He brought with him Fred Morris, who has now replaced him as president of the League. We had a long chat. David asked me if it wouldn't be possible to merge our two groups. I told him that that would not be possible. I explained that I did not believe that the old League belonged within the body of true conservatism. David told me that he understood my position, and he left with Morris. The next thing I knew, David was out and Morris was in."

I asked if he thought that the League was a McCarthyite organization.

"In a sense, yes. But the situation is subtle. David Cole, for instance, was an avowed supporter of Senator McCarthy, but I felt and continue to feel that he was one of the League's most moderate members. Morris, on the other hand, claims to be anti-McCarthy, but I would definitely list him with the radicals who have dictated the League's policy from the start. And then there is DuBose, a very interesting figure. I would definitely talk to him if I were you."

A Lost Cookie Box

Next afternoon I went over to Eliot House to call on Frederick M. Morris, '55, the League's new president, and found Robert DuBose, '55, there too.

When Morris met me at the door of his room, DuBose was seated on a couch opposite—a tall, lean, intelligent-looking young man given to nervous motions with his hands and legs. Morris, a stocky fellow who looked as though he would make a good middleweight boxer, lit a cigarette and asked me to sit down.

"So you want to know what we stand for?" He paced around the room, sitting first in one chair and then another. "We stand for conservatism. It's a pretty big thing. I don't know exactly how to boil it down." He looked toward DuBose—perhaps, I thought, hoping for some intellectual assistance—but DuBose was engrossed in the business of lighting his pipe.

"The main thing is that we don't believe in any kind of institutional change. We believe in the Constitution and we want to keep it just the way it is. We favor a realignment of the parties so you get all the conservatives on one side and all the liberals on the other, and we favor a change in the Cabinet system. Things like that don't require a change in the Constitution. Isn't that right, Bob?"

DuBose nodded.

"It's a pretty big thing," Morris repeated. "You can't pin it down to specific issues. It's sort of philosophic, almost like a movement." He stepped over to a bookcase behind the chair in which I was sitting. "What we believe is pretty well summed up in this book, *The Conservative Mind,* by Russell Kirk. Just the greatest book of political philosophy since Burke. What we *don't* believe you will find in *this* book—and this book—and this book." He pulled out a number of books on politics and economics written by Harvard professors, including one by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. "Schlesinger." He shook his head distastefully. "This kid is so emotional. We're getting quite a line on him. We hear he slants his lectures, unobjective. Have you ever taken one of his courses, Bob?"

DuBose shook his head. "No, I haven't, Fred. I should, but I don't have the time."

I ASKED Morris if there was anything to the persistent rumors that the League is compiling information on members of the faculty whom it considers subversive.

Fred grinned. "Sure, we've got information," he said. "Where's the file, Bob?"

DuBose looked a bit hesitant. He

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massaged his jaw and turned his pipe around in his hand, but he did not argue. "It's in my room," he said, getting up to bring it.

He returned carrying a small gray-steel file box protected by a shiny lock. The inside of the box was divided into sections by alphabetized guide cards. DuBose bent over it and flipped through these cards, searching, I gathered, for a list of left-wing faculty members. Some of the sections contained bits torn out of newspapers or scraps of paper; most of them contained nothing at all. "Where's the damned list?" Morris asked.

Finally DuBose straightened. He grinned a little sheepishly and scratched his nose. "I know what happened to it," he said. "It was written on the back of that cookie box, and yesterday morning I threw the cookie box away."

Morris eyed DuBose with an air of bewilderment. "Anyhow," he said to me, "we're getting the goods on these guys. We've got quite a few radicals spotted."

"What kind of information are you gathering?" I asked.

"Things they say, remarks they make."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it?" Morris seemed puzzled. He looked toward DuBose, who was absently flipping through the guide cards. "I don't know. We're just gathering it. I don't know if we'll *do* anything with it."

"But then why are you gathering it?"

"Well, now, I didn't say we *weren't* going to do anything with it," he said quickly. "We just might, once we get it all together. We'll have to wait and see what turns up."

WHAT, I asked, were the League's differences with Brady's New Conservatives?

"There you have me," Morris said. He stopped in the middle of the room. "We can't figure out what their differences are. They talk about McCarthy. I don't get it. They seem to want their members to sign some kind of pledge saying 'I don't like Joe McCarthy.' That doesn't seem very conservative or very fair to me. I'm anti-McCarthy but I figure every man has a right to his own opinion. Our former president, David Cole, was pro-McCarthy. O.K., that's all right with me. What's all the shouting about?"

The Liberal View

On my rounds I had heard that the New Conservatives had been receiving encouragement from the Liberal Union, Harvard's oldest and best known political club. So I went to see its president, Chris Niebuhr, '56, son of the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr—a friendly, restless, cheerfully disorganized young man. "Liberalism has changed," he told me. "We're more practical, more pragmatic, than the old-timers. We're more interested in specific issues.

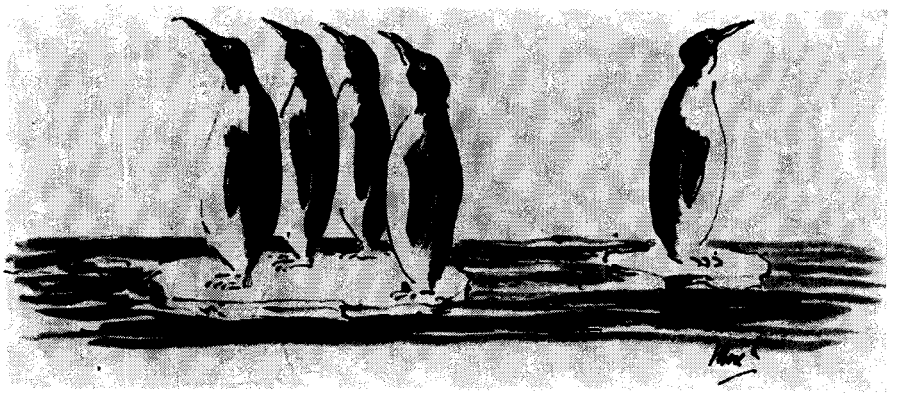
"Not conservative. No, I don't think so. Maybe 'realistic' is the word. We take the situation more as it stands and deal with it. We don't go off half cocked. On academic freedom, for instance, we backed the university administration when it said that it would discharge faculty members who are proved to belong now to the Communist Party. Some people said we were backsliding. I don't think so."

What did he think of Brady's New Conservatives?

"We like them. We're for them. We think conservatism should have some kind of legitimate expression at Harvard. We'll debate them and things like that. This other gang, the Conservative League, are a bunch of phonies. They just want to get their names in the paper. I don't think they're even sincere."

Was ours, as has been widely said, a conservative generation?

"I don't know. It all depends on what you mean. Everything is changing. The old words don't apply any more. We—I—agree with most of what Peter Viereck says, for instance. If you want to call him a conservative—that's what he calls himself—I guess I'm a conservative." Chris patted his hand on the top of his head, a characteristic gesture. "In a way, liberalism today is conservative. You talk about conservation of cultural values. I'm for that.



But what are the values you want to conserve? *Liberal* values. The thing is that liberalism has won, and that has a tendency to make us conservative. Do you see what I mean?"

'Everybody Is a Conservative'

Later that week I talked to another spokesman of the Liberal Union—Philippe Villers, '55, a small, neat, self-possessed fellow. Most of the leaders of the Conservative League, he said, had no serious attachment to any sort of political ideology and were running their club "for kicks." Brady's New Conservatives were "responsible" and "legitimate." The main difference between the Liberal Union and the New Conservatives was that "The Union tends to emphasize freedom in the field of civil rights and is relatively agreeable to government interference in economic problems; the New Conservatives emphasize economic freedom and are less concerned about government infringement on civil rights."

What most struck me about our meeting, though, was the avenue by which I came to and went from it. I had met Villers at his door and we had entered his living quarters through a narrow vestibule. Jammed midway down this vestibule, like a suspended bridge, was an enormous object that made it necessary for us to get down on our hands and knees and crawl a few feet to the room beyond. "It's a moose head," Villers

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explained. "My roommate's girl gave it to him for Christmas. It got stuck on the way in and now we can't get it to move forward or backward."

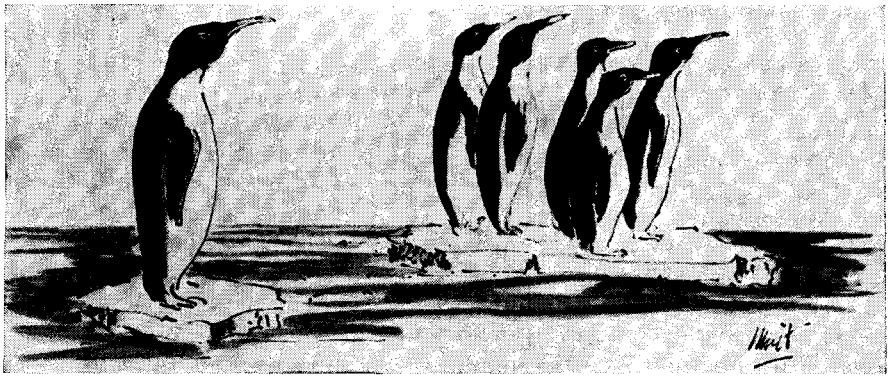
That night at dinner I told my friend the old Socialist about my conversations up to that time. "It is like France," he said. "In France everybody is of the Left, the only question being whether it is the Communist Left, the big-business Left, the clerical Left, or what have you. In America today, everybody is a conservative."

'We're the Underdogs'

Two days later I finally caught up with David Cole, the deposed president of the Conservative League. He is fair, of medium height, and looks as though he should be a musician or a poet.

We sat down and I asked him why he was a conservative.

"I often wonder," he said. "My background is conservative, I suppose. Puritan mind and all that. I was raised in a small town about a hundred miles from Boston. I think that there should be a moral basis for politics, you know. Liberal



people don't seem to believe that. They talk as though everything in politics were a matter of technique. All they're interested in is whether a thing will work, not the moral side of it. I think a thing might work and still be bad."

I asked him whether it was true that he was an admirer of Senator McCarthy.

"I was," he said. "Some of the things he does bother me, though. I think sometimes he violates our Bill of Rights. But he's dynamic; he appeals to the emotions. I get tired of these dry politicians who never get anybody excited. When McCarthy speaks he gets people worked up into a tremendous charge."

I asked him if he went for that sort of thing.

"Oh, yes. I don't think you can have politics without emotions. Of course, maybe I'm not qualified to make judgments. It's the *emotional* element in politics that attracts me." Cole looked a bit anxious, as though he thought he might be getting onto dangerous ground. I encouraged him to go on. "Why, I'd like to hear a fascist speak. Just for the experience, of course, to see how it would make me feel inside. Not that I don't think that fascism is a good thing in some parts of the world. Fascism was terrible in Germany because they were a highly civilized people and didn't need it, but my parents are in the oil business in South America and down there they *need* fascism."

I asked Cole what he guessed to be the total strength of conservatism among Harvard undergraduates.

"Not very high. The liberals outnumber us at least four to one. Of course, I include Eisenhower people among the liberals. Most of the people I talk to in the dining hall are liberals of one kind or another. Not Marxists, necessarily, though there are some of those, too. I'd rather not give you their names, because they're nice fellows, really, some of them. But they're in the majority, the Marxists, the liberals of all sorts. We're the underdogs. It worries me sometimes," Cole said. "But it goes along with my low view of human nature, I suppose."

DuBose's Challenge

In February, watching the competition of the rival conservative groups for the ear of Harvard, I attended what was announced as an organization meeting of Brady's Club. The *Crimson* had received word that Robert DuBose of the old League planned to show up and could be expected to make copy. Entering the meeting room in Sever Hall, I found about twenty men and one girl who was later introduced as the New Conservative Club (entire) of Radcliffe. Will Brady was on the platform, and just as he banged the gavel and called the meeting to order, DuBose entered wearing a trench coat, accompanied by a pair of flankers. Membership dues of a dollar per man were being collected, and DuBose advanced to the platform to give Brady three dollars representing his party.

Brady refused the money, shaking his head. Soon it was apparent why. When a preliminary vote was taken on nominations for Club officers, it showed that Brady's followers were in the majority by exactly two votes. If DuBose and his two friends had been admitted to membership, the League would have made a majority of one and would have controlled the election of officers of the Club. At this point the League's president, Fred Morris, entered the room and asked me how things were going. "We've got the strangle on these guys," he said.

After about two hours of parliamentary wrangling, DuBose gave up the maneuver and rose to leave. At the door he turned to address the room in a husky drawl: "I came over here tonight hoping to join with you people and make a united conservative club. I asked you"—he spoke to Brady—"if you would give me fair play, and I still haven't been answered."

Brady began to pound the gavel. DuBose talked on: "Well, I made you that challenge, and you haven't answered it. I don't think that's very conservative." He stalked out.

Play It Safe

After the meeting I walked across the Yard and over to the office of the *Crimson*. I sought out Jack Rosenthal, the associate managing editor, who supervises most of the *Crimson's* political coverage, and told him what had happened at the meeting. "They're a bunch of sensation seekers," he said. "Oh, Brady is

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a pretty reasonable fellow, and even Morris and DuBose seem fairly sensible, but frankly I think they all like to see their names in print."

We talked about the political sentiments and opinions of Harvard students. "The main thing they want is to be acceptable," Rosenthal said. "The Liberal Union, the Conservatives, the New Conservatives, none of them amount to much with the mass of the guys. The majority are suspicious of all political organizations. Most of them are what you would call liberal Republicans, although Stevenson did a lot to make the Democrats respectable at Harvard. But they're not enthusiastic about either Stevenson or the Eisenhower Administration.

"The thing is *not* to be enthusiastic. It looks bad at cocktail parties. Even somebody like Schlesinger seems not quite polite. Nobody wants to be identified with anything that's at all out of the way. I have a friend here, one of the few people I know with a well worked-out political philosophy, and he is a pretty far gone left-winger, yet he'll never sign any petitions or anything else that would pin him down as a liberal. Last fall I went to a meeting in Boston of the Socialist Labor Party—just for laughs, I was doing a satire on it for the *Crimson*—and when my friend found out about it he told me he thought I was crazy for having gone." He looked at me a bit questioningly. "Maybe I'm irresponsible," he said.

I told him I though it encouraging that there were still people who went to meetings of the Socialist Labor Party just for laughs.

AFTER THAT I lost touch with the New Conservatism until the night of the Schlesinger-Kirk debate in May. I was therefore pleased to discover that, while maintaining their institutional integrity, the rival conservative clubs had united to honor their common hero, Kirk. Brady was seated in the second row with DuBose, Morris, and Cole. All loyally applauded the conservative case and tried to ignore the fact that their champion was being clobbered by Schlesinger. After the debate they left in a body, invigorated, I supposed, for further battle with evil and each other.

Britain's Political Pendulum

HEWART BAILEY

LONDON

TO AMERICANS, all British elections must be somewhat perplexing. They are held at no set time, descending on the country without prolonged preparation and constituting a Presidential and a Congressional election rolled into one. The Prime Minister merely picks a date, the Monarch approves, and within three weeks from the starting point nominations are made, the hustings are briefly alive, polling day arrives, and the elections are come and gone.

It is true that the very smoothness with which all this takes place indicates the presence of well-planned, well-oiled, and full-time electoral and party machinery. But the way an election in Britain simply pops up and disappears still gives it an almost impromptu air.

BRITONS do everything with restraint, but it still seemed surprising that only seven TV programs were put on by the parties, and no background election programs were presented by the BBC itself. Moreover the last of the party TV programs (and of the radio programs, which were nine in number) took place five days before the voting, so that none of the parties should leave a "last word" in the elector's ear before he went into the booth.

Yet it would be a mistake to think that this restraint implied that television and radio were unimportant in helping the elector to think things through. Admittedly, while the programs were taking place, there was a good deal of skepticism as to their effect, particularly as each party seemed to be experimenting rather clumsily to find a really effective method of using the new medium. Once the series was over, however, it began to be realized that something important about television had emerged, even if almost accidentally. In quite a few respects it can now be said that this was in fact a TV election.

The rule adopted by the BBC was to allot time—free of charge, of course—to each party that ran more than fifty candidates. The Conservative and Labour Parties, with at least 620 candidates each for the 630 seats, were given three TV programs each and the Liberals, with 110 candidates, one. The Communists, with seventeen candidates, were excluded. Within the limits available, a considerable variety of programs was tried, but the basic approach was to have questions put by interviewees—sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile—on the program, and answered by party leaders either in quiet discussion or in a lively free-for-all. In the course of these programs, the viewer was able to enjoy, according to taste, a disarmingly domestic tête-à-tête with Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the old Etonian reassurance of Harold Macmillan, the cockney bonhomie of Herbert Morrison, or the Welsh garrulousness of Lady Megan Lloyd George.

In the end, however, there was no doubt which had been the most effective TV program. It was the last one in the series, in which Sir Anthony Eden sat facing the cameras alone for fifteen minutes and spoke, without visible notes, without hurry, without much emphasis, and certainly without hostility, about the various problems that the Government dealt with. The other programs had provided more "entertainment." But this was the program in which the elector, if his sympathies were not already frozen, was given a chance to come to terms with his own feelings about the alternatives that were being offered to him.

THERE was another sense in which this was a TV election. It was the first election in which the mass of the British electorate sat at home

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and contemplated the fact that they had TV sets. They could look around too at their washing machines and new furniture, and all the other evidences that in some way they had become more prosperous.

But TV was the symbol. Large gleaming television sets and frequently a sleek little car in the garage gave a sense of satisfaction that easily offset for many thousands the relatively small discomforts of British life such as high prices and inadequate heating. It might be that in previous elections many—especially the poorer people—had thought of the social benefits that Labour had brought them and had felt more secure in a troubled world with "pacifist" Labour than with the empire-building Tories. But on this occasion, the greatest change in their way of living was represented by the comforts of TV and the hours of happy oblivion that it implied.

As if to round off this moral, the British public, having voted for television sets, was treated on election night to a dazzling display of the virtuosity and the possibilities of this new entertainment. First they were given a taste of what America could do. The polls had closed at 9 P.M. At 9:10 they were shown the Ed Murrow program "See It Now" on the British election, a marvelous evocation of the atmosphere they had lived through, coming like a rich, satisfying meal after their own austere election diet. Then the BBC itself put on a show—covering the election returns until 4 A.M.—that almost outdid the Coronation program itself in efficiency, ingenuity, and variety.

The Brooding Silence

In this election, the previously urgent questions had somehow become muted. It was this, indeed, which made it so difficult for the British themselves to understand the reasons for their own limited concern. Everyone expected a Conservative victory, but not until the results were finally in, showing to what extent there had been a swing to Conservatism and to what extent Labour had held its own, was it finally accepted that the campaign had in fact signalized something quite important. The wheel had not swung full circle from Labour's momentous victory in 1945. It had swung, but very erratically. How was it to be understood?

Sir Winston Churchill had said to his constituents during the "dull" phase of the election: "There is a still, brooding silence over the scene." The key word was "brooding." Was the electorate indifferent, as so many thought, or was some new alignment in British politics struggling for expression? Was the absence of party violence a sign of political degeneration, or was it perhaps on the contrary an evidence that the British were finding themselves able to see beyond party loyalties?

This clearly was the hope of the Conservative Party, and particularly of the young Tories who had been struggling since the rout of Conservatism in 1945 to frame an appeal to the country in which all the bitterness associated with traditional party politics would seem to be put away forever. In earlier years they had not been altogether clear in this aim. At different points in the postwar period they had tried to project a new kind of party loyalty, arguing that the Conservative Party had always been in some manner the "reformist" party, the instigators of social welfare, the true practitioners of "progress." There was little of this, however, in the campaign. Perhaps they finally realized that an appeal in these terms had no possible chance of success against the deeply embedded image of class Toryism. Instead, they turned to the country as the men of good will, the able men—almost the nonparty men—who could take the people safely forward along the road from now on.

This approach was clearly expressed—to take only one example—in a newspaper article two days before the voting by Reginald Maudling, a "young Tory" who had been an outstanding success in the Conservative Administration as R. A. Butler's No. 2 man at the Treasury:

"Both parties are united in the pursuit of peace. Both parties in their official statements favor the method of building up the Western strength and on that basis parleying at the summit with the East. Both agree that the Hydrogen Bomb is needed as a deterrent. The issue here is not one of policy but of personalities and parties. Is it better that the responsibility should rest with a united Conservative party under the leadership of Sir Anthony Eden, or with the divided Socialist party under what leadership no one can tell?"

This was, of course, primarily an appeal to the marginal voter, the "floating voter," on whose decision, as all agreed, the outcome of the

election was bound to turn. In the last days of the campaign the Tories used the argument that the Labour leadership was split—Attlee and Bevan—with much greater success than Adlai Stevenson had in the American election of 1952 when he stressed the theme of the two-headed elephant. But even this was part of the steady historic Tory effort – as the whole election was—to make a breach in the solid Labour vote and so to put the whole of British politics on a new basis. The decisive victory of the Conservatives, with a majority of sixty-seven seats over La-

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bour, seems at first to indicate that their plan has had a measure of success. The floating voter was certainly landed. A very handy haul must have been made of former Liberals also. But how many Labour voters were detached?

The Floating Voter

Before this election, some students of British politics had argued that given the existing "instinctive" party loyalties of different groups, the logic of arithmetic was bound ultimately to lead to Labour's return to power. R. T. McKenzie, author of a widely read book, *British Political Parties,* wrote in a newspaper article four days before the poll that whatever happened at this election, there was a "long-range trend towards the Labour Party." The great bulk of the working class, he wrote, identifies itself automatically with the image of the Labour Party. The Tories have been amazingly successful so far in drawing off a third or so of the working class, but the Labour vote must have a tendency to grow "since Labour's strength is greater among the under-thirties than the over-sixty-fives." He pointed out that the popular vote of the Labour Party had grown steadily in every recent election except that of 1950. In 1951 it reached the highest proportion of the votes cast—48.8 per cent. There was no contender on the Left for the support of the working class. The Communists were far too weak; there was no "Catholic Party" or "Peasant Party" as in some European countries. Once again in power, British Labour might stay there as securely as the Swedish Socialists.

This was all on the assumption, of course, that the "working class" in Britain would continue to feel the same natural affinity with Labour. The Tories hoped to blunt this image, and some observers saw this happening during the campaign. Alistair Cooke, covering the election in the Manchester *Guardian,* wrote: "When does a working-class man see in the mirror a middle-class man?" Would this election go down, he wondered, as "the election won by the new generation of semi-detached Tories?"

Actually, there is no evidence that this was a major element in the Conservative victory. Abstention, rather than the "swing," turned out to be a more significant factor. This was, for Britain, a low poll. Out of an electorate of some 35 million, about 77 per cent went to the polls compared with 83 per cent in 1951. The Conservatives received almost 50 per cent of the votes cast, and Labour only about 46 per cent. But the key fact was that compared with 1951 about half a million fewer people voted Tory, while about one and a half million fewer than last time voted Labour.

Shortage of Issues

Even this is not the full story. It is a striking fact that generally speaking Labour's vote fell most in constituencies where it seemed sure to win, and fell only slightly, sometimes not at all, where the party was in danger. There was a net gain by the Tories of only ten seats from Labour in those constituencies which had unchanged boundaries, thus permitting a comparison to be made. The moral seems to be that Labour still has a firm hold on the loyalty of almost half the voters. If they lost the floating voter this time and failed to bring out all their potential vote, may it not be due to the fact that they failed to offer that extra "something" to bite on, and seemed to stand not for specific policies but merely for a return to power?

Even this goal might perhaps have moved a larger part of the voters to support them had Labour been able to summon up a clear image of what they had stood for in office and what they had achieved. But they could not hide the fact that the party was split by internal dissension and they were uncertain where to go. As administrators they had nothing to offer on home or foreign policy that the Tories were not apparently doing as well or better. They spoke to the voters of greater social benefits, but did not show how they would increase the country's productive power to pay for them. They stressed their closeness to the unions, but could not indicate any solution to the strikes and other union problems that are beginning to plague the economy. It was as if they could offer no more at this stage than the idealism and egalitarianism implicit in their philosophy.

Perhaps a breathing space was inevitable, for at this point Britain seems at a halfway or interim stage —being half "socialistic" and half free-enterprise, half prosperous and confident and half still suffering from the war and the years of neglect, half hidebound by tradition and half the crucible of new social and economic inventiveness, half content to put up with anything for a little peace and half on the way to building a new Jerusalem. This was the year for a pause, even for the Left.

Labour has five years in which to settle problems of its own leadership and work out a new philosophy to meet the times. Some of the old catchwords—nationalization, for example—are out of date. Some Labour theorists have already suggested a variety of new interpretations. Public ownership of "some sections" of the chemical and machine-tool industries would mean, they say, that the state would merely take over the shares of principal companies, leaving their structure intact. There are other ways too, they believe, in which the state can share in and benefit from private enterprise.

But these are proposals that come from the cool minds of economists. The Labour Party draws on its real strength when it speaks from the heart. Throughout the election it did best with the voters when it spoke of equality of opportunity, the protection of the weak, "fair shares for all," and the leveling of privilege.

With close votes in so many seats, it seems as if the pendulum will swing back and forth for a long time to come.

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Juan Perón's War With the Catholic Church

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

LAST NOVEMBER, in the old and very Catholic center of Córdoba in Argentina, a priest told his parishioners that they would have to choose between President Juan Domingo Perón and Jesus Christ.

"I have never had any trouble with Christ," Perón declared.

He is in trouble now, and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that he looked for it.

I spent nearly two months in Argentina recently, and I suppose I asked every citizen I met to explain what was behind Perón's attack on the Roman Catholic Church. There were plenty of people only too eager to tell me exactly why he got involved in this conflict. The only drawback was that no two explanations were the same.

When a dictatorship is as personalized as the Peronist régime in Argentina, some policies will be as illogical and unreasonable as the actions of any necessarily fallible human being. The important point is not the justification but what the results are. In this case the structure of Argentine society is being drastically changed, and Argentina is one of the three or four most important nations of Latin America. For the first time since Perón confiscated the great independent newspaper *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires in 1951, he is stirring up international attention. The Vatican is deeply disturbed; many Roman Catholics in the United States are wondering whether the Eisenhower Administration's excessively friendly policies toward Perón are not somewhat misguided.

Certainly it is the hottest news story in Latin America today. I visited ten countries from Mexico to Argentina, and everywhere I went the chief topic of interest was not the hydrogen bomb, Formosa, or the new look in Russia, but "What about Perón? Why is he attacking the Church?"

The Argentine Church

Why, indeed? There is no Argentine, however good a Catholic he may be, who will try to deny that the Church helped Perón consolidate his power in 1943-1946. Never in the last decade has the Church done anything intentionally to antagonize him. The record is one of which no Argentine Catholic is proud—and that includes some of the priests I talked to. But even though the Peronist-Catholic honeymoon had long since ended, there was no disposition to stir up trouble or to seek martyrdom.

The Argentine Church has a tradition of keeping out of politics. The people, being originally Spanish and now mostly of Spanish and Italian descent, are somewhere between ninety and ninety-five per cent Roman Catholic. Catholicism has been state-supported since independence was declared in 1816. The President and Vice-President must be Catholics. However, while the government subsidized the Church it took away Church lands and property, regulated the exercise of Church patronage, and controlled all religious matters that concerned the national interest.

The Church, therefore, had its place and was kept in it. There was no inclination on the part of the clergy to mix in politics and no political parties arose to champion the cause of the Church or to campaign against it. The people have not been fervently religious as in Colombia and Peru, but neither have they been anti-clerical, as in Uruguay and Mexico.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Church allowed itself to be lured away from its comfortable haven. The evil geniuses of modern Argentina were the military leaders who staged a revolt in 1930 that was to lead inexorably to the dictatorship of Perón. However, the army clique was not recognized as evil by the Church leaders, who benefited from special measures calculated to win their favor and who followed the traditional Spanish principle of *regalismo*, or support of the ruling power.

To many bishops the budding Peronist movement from 1943 to 1946, with its appeal to the *descamisados*, or shirtless ones, looked like a variation of Christian socialism, Leo XIII style.

Supping with the Devil

In 1944, under General Ramírez's Government with Colonel Perón as the power behind the scenes, Roman Catholic teaching was made obligatory in state schools. Perón made promises and the Church backed him in the elections of 1946 when he won his first Presidential term. He paid up. His new Constitution of 1949 reaffirmed government adherence to the Catholic faith. He ar-

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ranged for priests to be paid out of state funds to teach and for private religious schools to be subsidized.

To be sure, when Perón came out in his true colors (flanked by Eva Duarte)—a demagogue and fomenter of class hatreds, with no scruples, no respect for property or persons, for justice or human rights—there were second thoughts, but it was too late. He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon. The Church was singed, so it simply sat still, waiting for time to play its customarily corrective role.

Such was the situation up to last fall. Perón did not sit still. He has struck one blow after another and destroyed the structure of Argentine Church-state relations—all the time protesting that he has nothing whatever against the Church or the Catholic religion.

Again one asks, Why? It is true that he had lost the active support of the clergy, but he had nothing to fear from the Church, which was minding its own nonpolitical business. Perhaps it will help if we try to put ourselves in his place.

As an absolute dictator and one who seems to want to stay in power for the rest of his life, Juan Domingo Perón is concerned above all with two related problems—his security and his popularity. By last year every individual, every organization, and every element of society that could challenge his pre-eminent position had been eliminated or broken into impotent fragments—all except one. The exception was the Roman Catholic Church and its component parts.

He complained that it was "infiltrating" into the Peronist party, the schools and universities, the trade unions, youth organizations, women's auxiliaries, the professional societies. There was also the Argentine Catholic Action.

"This is our formula," Mussolini said: "Everything in the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state."

Peronism is a form of fascism. Catholic organizations and movements might not be anti-Peronist but neither would they be pro-Peronist. In a dictatorship an unassimilated, indigestible element is irritating and potentially dangerous. If an Opposition were to be formed in Argentina, where else could it find such fruitful ground?

'Learned Córdoba'

Perón was never one to wait for his enemies to get strong. Besides, he may well have spotted a real danger in the rebirth of a Christian Democratic movement, centered in the deeply Catholic city of Córdoba, four hundred miles to the northwest of Buenos Aires.

"Learned Córdoba," with its aristocratic Spanish traditions and its famous university—one of the oldest in the Western Hemisphere—never could stomach the upstart Perón or his mistress (later his wife) the late Evita Duarte. One of the first things Perón did after he became President of Argentina in 1946, was purge the university's teaching staff, and one of the first things he did in his new campaign against the Church last fall was put in a stooge as rector and purge the staff again of anyone who had shown signs of religious zeal. Since Córdoba is the heart of Argentine Catholicism, that finished the university, which I found to be a pathetic, miserable shadow of its former self.

The real life of the city is outside the university, and in talking to dozens of Córdoba's leading citizens in the course of a week's stay I got a truly impressive sense of the overwhelming intellectual and emotional opposition that Perón faces. The only Peronists are those who have a material stake in the régime. Some of the leading members of the traditional Opposition parties live in Córdoba—Radicals who have courageously kept a toehold in the Chamber of Deputies, Socialists and National Democrats (Conservatives) who are abstentionists. But the most interesting of all were the Christian Democrats.

A meeting of the principal Córdoban leaders was called for my benefit in the home of one of them. We had to meet secretly and the individuals had to be summoned in person, for phones are tapped and letters are censored. The group was an intellectual, professional (most Córdobans seem to be lawyers), and social elite, but as was proved in Italy, France, and Germany at the end of the Second World War, there is a potential mass following thanks to the religious factor, the machinery of the Church, and the Christian social appeal to workers.

In Argentina, Christian Democracy was originally cultural. Then in the late 1930's a nationalistic movement arose to supplement the pro-Nazi, pro-fascist leanings of the military, including Perón. The present movement is different. It began in Córdoba only last year after much study and discussion. It is a typical Christian Democratic movement

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along the lines of the European parties, Catholic in philosophy but eclectic in its appeal, and seeking an existence independent of the Church. It calls itself the Republican Party for a Christian Democracy. "Why Republican?" I asked the woman who chose the name. She replied that the party did not want to frighten the Church and desired to attract all elements. Anyway, "Argentines follow people and names, rather than ideas, and 'Republican' is an honored name in Argentina."

Of course the movement repudiates totalitarianism and stresses the "democratic" half of Christian Democracy, and that, per se, makes it anti-Peronist. It is not a strong party, but how could it be in Argentina today? To create a new political party and movement, one needs popular leaders. There must be mass meetings, administrative work, public discussions in the press, advertising, and propaganda. An organization must be built from the top down through federal, provincial, municipal, and local groups. The local organizations have to keep in touch with those in other cities and in the capital.

Moves Against the Church

None of this is possible in Peronist Argentina. Consequently, the Christian Democratic movement cannot be strong today. In fact, it cannot even know how strong or weak it is. It can only be potentially dangerous, and it certainly is that.

However, it never had the support of the Church. The Catholic hierarchy were suspicious and diffident. Only in recent months, when the Church needed defenders and found champions among the Christian Democrats, have any of the bishops shown an inclination to encourage the movement. Many of the younger priests were in favor of Christian Democracy, and now they can come out openly. Perón is driving the Church into the arms of the Christian Democrats, or vice versa. Again one asks, Why?

Perhaps Perón wanted to put across certain laws and felt that the best way was to attack the Church and arouse popular feeling against the clergy. Let us see what he has done since last fall.

The Church objected vigorously when, at the end of September, President Perón criticized the Juventud Obrera Católica (Catholic Youth Workers) for their activities in the factories. In October came a decree giving illegitimate children the same legal rights as those born in wedlock. On November 10 the General Confederation of Labor (run by Peronists, of course) launched a campaign against what it called Catholic infiltration into key positions in trade unions.

That was also the day of Perón's declaration of war against the Church—or as he put it, against certain "evil shepherds" and "bad priests" among the clergy who were presumably meddling in politics. It was one of the major speeches of his career, delivered to an imposing gathering of provincial governors and political and labor leaders. He accused three bishops of being "enemies of the government," and a number of priests of "illicit activities."

In December came three important measures, one prohibiting public meetings, aimed at religious processions; one on divorce, put through after three o'clock in the morning of December 14 by a specially summoned session of Congress; and, a few days later, a decree legalizing prostitution, which had been banned in Argentina since 1937.

One of the stories I heard again and again on arriving in Argentina early in February was that the Venezuelan Ambassador went to see Perón and found him impatiently working at a mass of papers. "Tell me quickly what you want," the President is supposed to have said. "I have no time to spare. I am working out a plan to fill Argentina with brothels and each one will be next to a church."

This was doubtless one of those typically tall tales that go like wildfire from café to café and salon to salon and have little reality behind them. I was more impressed when the portly and earnest Governor of Córdoba Province, Raul Felipe Lucini, argued that prostitution is an inescapable evil. "The youths who go to the brothels must be protected," he told me, "and the poor prostitute who is impelled to sell her body to live also deserves the protection of the state when her ability to work is over—a pension, for instance."

All through the fall and winter step after step was taken against religious teaching in the State schools and against the thousand or so private religious schools with their three hundred thousand pupils. Of all Perón's measures, this hurt and alarmed the Church leaders most. By spring, the subsidies to religious schools had been reduced, some schools were closed, the national Department of Religious Teaching created in 1946 by Perón had been abolished, and many schools were being prosecuted for alleged fraudulent use of state subsidies. In April the teaching of Roman Catholic religion and morals, which had been made obligatory in 1944 in all state schools, was abandoned. At least 150 priests from the staffs of universities and schools throughout Argentina and many teaching nuns were dismissed. So were a number

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of magistrates who happened to be religious, and the leaders of Catholic Action spent some time in jail.

Toward the end of May came the most spectacular move of all when the rubber-stamp Congress passed a bill to call a constitutional convention with the purpose of changing the provisions concerning the Church. Among other things, Church and state will be separated by disestablishment and the President and Vice-President will no longer have to be Roman Catholics.

No Excuses Needed

Perón, of course, is a Catholic, but completely lukewarm. He is simply not religious, but not at all anti-religious or anti-clerical in a philosophic sense, nor is he atheistic. His position can best be described as neutral. So one need not seek any profound personal reason for his antipathy or any reasoned conviction about the place of the Church in society.

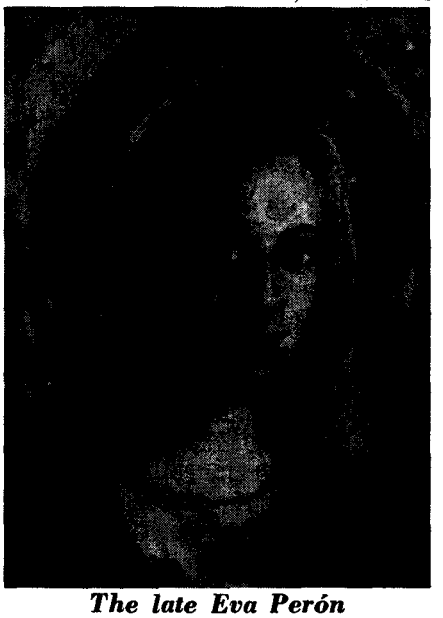
After all, Perón could have done virtually everything listed here, except arrest priests, nuns, and Catholic laymen, without attacking the Church. An American can hardly quarrel with the idea of separating Church and state, having a divorce law, or ceasing to make the teaching of religion compulsory. Probably most Argentines would have accepted these measures with philosophy or even approval, for Argentines are an advanced people without deep convictions and with a tradition of religious freedom. Perón was powerful enough to do everything that he did without having to depict the Church as an enemy of the people or of the government. He did not need any excuses, least of all manufactured ones.

Is he seeking popularity and has he calculated that this is a good way to get it? Perhaps. Perón is a master at doing the right things to win popularity. There are few politicians alive today who can teach him tricks of demagogy.

Is he clearing the way to bring up a new generation of pro-Perón students and hence to eliminate the religious element in education? Again, perhaps. Perón has formed a Union of Secondary Students on whom he is showering attention and material benefits. The university students are all anti-Peronist and are hopeless from the President's viewpoint.

Is he creating a diversion, that time-honored tactic of all dictators in trouble? It is always helpful to occupy the public mind with something dramatic and exciting.

From *Mundo Peronista*, Buenos Aires



The late Eva Perón

Perón, like Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and other totalitarians, has a religion of his own to substitute for the established Church, but it is different from any of the others. They made Nazism, fascism, and Communism into secular religions with themselves as the prime objects of worship. Up to a point Perón does this, but his variant is to provide a substitute for the Virgin Mary instead of for God.

'Mystique of Evita'

A priest in Córdoba told me that orders had been issued to the parish priests through the local Peronist party branches to devote this year to "the mystique of Evita," the President's wife who died three years ago. She is depicted with haloes around her head. A primary-school textbook shows in its opening pages a picture of Christ on one side and on the opposite page a picture of Evita in heaven, an exact equivalent of the Virgin. Eva's name is to be found everywhere—"The Spiritual Leader of the Nation," "The Light of the Humble," and so forth. Prayers have been drawn up to—not for—her.

Perhaps, then, Perón believes he can dispense with the Church. Like all absolute rulers, he has a touch of megalomania. Quite early in his dictatorship he was heard to say: *"Al pueblo, los tangos los canto yo,"* which can be roughly translated as: "I'll sing the tunes that the public dances to."

He is no fool, but he is impulsive and sometimes starts things on the spur of the moment and then cannot draw back. One of his quirks of character is that he will never admit a mistake. He will change a policy if he has to, but his face must be saved in the process. Perón is always right, just as Mussolini was—in theory. It follows that in this case the Church must be wrong and must reverse the historic process and make a penitential journey to Perón's Canossa. Since the Church is hardly going to do that, and since it must and will and always does refuse to give way on fundamental matters, one cannot yet see the end of the struggle.

Of course, Perón has denied from the beginning that he really has any quarrel with the Church. One wonders what he means by "the Church." If the hierarchy, priesthood, worshipers, Catholic Action, and other Catholic organizations and the laymen who head them are not part of the Church, what are they? If a priest delivers a sermon on the martyrdom of the early Christians and then is arrested for *desacato,* or disrespect of the Peronist régime (I know of one such case), is this not an attack on the Church?

The struggle is fundamentally unequal, since Perón is only human and the Church goes on forever. But Perón is not worrying about eternity; he is concerned with his tenure in office, which he obviously intends to stretch through the rest of his life.

Meanwhile he is doing things to Argentina that can never be undone. It is hardly conceivable that Argentina will ever again be without a divorce law or that Church and state will ever be joined together again once they have been separated. Juan Domingo Perón has made history. Perhaps, after all, that was what he intended to do from the very beginning.

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The Great Flight From Stalinism

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE VISIT of the Soviet leaders to Belgrade aroused world-wide attention because of its possible implications for Soviet foreign policy. It was generally assumed that after the signing of the peace treaty with Austria Moscow was eager to encourage, with an eye on Germany, those governments which might be inclined to favor the formation of a neutral buffer zone in Europe.

This looked to be the purpose of the Soviet pilgrimage to Belgrade; but it was probably not its sole or even its main objective. If the Soviet leaders were interested only in gaining a diplomatic advantage, a visit by the Soviet Prime Minister alone would have been more than enough. The fact that the first secretary of the party, Khrushchev, was among Marshal Tito's guests indicated that Moscow wanted above all to settle the "ideological" and political differences between the Soviet and the Yugoslav Communist Parties. Khrushchev certainly intended to speak to Tito the party head rather than to Tito the head of state. The Muscovite Pope went to apologize to the heretic; and he did so without being sure that the heretic was willing to accept the apology. At least since last October, Moscow has gone out of its way to demonstrate its desire to rehabilitate Tito as a good Communist. His revolutionary merits as leader of the Partisans, denied in Stalin's last years, were publicly and generously recalled by the chiefs of the party and the army—indeed by almost every personality who mattered in Moscow with the exception of Molotov, whose signature had figured next to Stalin's under the act of the 1948 excommunication. Khrushchev himself has ostentatiously drunk the health of *Comrade* (not of "Mr." or "Marshal") Tito.

Retrieving Stalin's Blunders

Marshal Tito, however, has accepted all this meed of praise rather gingerly. He has paid a few reserved compliments to the "courage of Stalin's successors," and has been wary of further military entanglements with the West. But he has been equally wary of any spectacular rapproachement with the East. He did not, in his turn, drink to the health of *Comrade* Khrushchev. And he emphatically stated that he would negotiate with his Soviet guests only about the affairs of their respective governments, not about the relationship between their respective parties.

After this snub, what still impelled the Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party to pay this unprecedented homage to Tito?

The answer may be found only in that slow, confused, yet unmistakable breakdown of the Stalinist orthodoxy that has been going on in the U.S.S.R. despite all the shifts in the ruling groups and despite Khrushchev's own embarrassed attempts to call a halt to the process. The Belgrade visit seemed to throw more light on Russia's internal situation than on its foreign policy. There is evidently a sense of guilt and shame abroad in Moscow, even in the highest ruling circles, for Stalin's worst blunders and follies; and there is a desire to make amends for some of these. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin may have overthrown Malenkov with the intention of bringing the party back to its old Stalinist ways. But the recoil against Stalinism was still strong enough to send both of them off to Belgrade.

PERHAPS even unawares, Khrushchev dealt a new blow at the monolithic outlook of his party. When *Pravda* recently discussed the close affinity between the Soviet and the Yugoslav social systems, saying that both were based on public ownership and the political predominance of workers and toiling peasants, and when it emphasized that this "basic" affinity was not diminished by still existing "substantial differences of views," *Pravda* was in fact injecting a huge dose of "heresy" into the minds of its own readers. The Stalinist canon of the monolithic party consisted precisely in that no "substantial differences of views" could be allowed to develop among Communists, because only one view—the official one—represented the real interest of socialism, whereas the heretical view inevitably led to the restoration of capitalism. In accordance with this canon the whole Soviet press until recently depicted Titoist Yugoslavia as a country in which capitalism had been or was being restored. Without this the 1948 excommunication would not have been ideologically justified.

There is some evidence to show that the story about the restoration of capitalism was accepted at its face value not only by the uninformed Soviet public but even in party circles that might have been expected to know better. *Pravda* has now gone further and declared that where there are disagreements among Communists, the "heretical" view does not necessarily amount to a betrayal of Communism or socialism. Yet if this is true about differences of views between two parties, may it not also be true about disagreements within one Communist Party? This question must have occurred to some of *Pravda's* readers who may have wondered whether *Pravda's* words were not an indirect and implicit legalization of inner controversy in the Soviet party as well.

'Rehabilitation' in Poland

That this is not a conclusion drawn overhastily from a few vague sentences in *Pravda* is shown by other developments in the Soviet bloc. From the inner Communist angle, these are perhaps even more significant than Khrushchev's visit to Belgrade, although they have attracted little attention in the outside world. A rehabilitation more strange and startling than that of Tito has just taken place in Poland. Those familiar with the history of the old Comintern remember that in the late 1930's, in the period of the great purges, Stalin disbanded the Communist Party of Poland as one which was "riddled with spies, Pilsudskyists, Trotskyites," etc. The Polish

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party had always worked underground and had been severely persecuted. By the time of its disbandment at least seven thousand members crowded the Polish prisons. Most of its leaders, virtually its whole Central Committee, had found refuge in Moscow. During the Yezhov terror nearly all of them were imprisoned there and executed as traitors and spies. Among them were men and women who had fought for thirty and even forty years without a break in Poland's underground movement. The best known was Adolf Warski, Rosa Luxemburg's close associate, who had represented the Polish Social Democratic Party in the Second International before 1914 and who later led the Communist parliamentary group in the Warsaw Diet. Warski had indeed stood close to Bukharin and Rykov, at least in his political views. But Warski's chief opponent and rival, Julian Lenski-Leszczynski, who had for many years represented the Polish party at the executive of the Comintern and had been known for his Stalinist zeal—it was he who expelled the writer of this article from the party—was also executed.

ALL THESE VICTIMS of the Stalinist terror, all these traitors, spies, Trotskyists, and Bukharinists, have now been suddenly rehabilitated. The act was carried out in rather odd fashion. The party newspapers have published long historical accounts of the Polish Communist movement, extolling the "heroic" roles which the men executed in Moscow had played as "leaders and inspirers of the Polish working class." *Trybuna Ludu*, the organ of the Central Committee, has filled its columns with the pictures of Stalin's victims. Not a word has been said, however, about the circumstances under which they met death.

In this rehabilitation, the Polish President and his associates have hardly acted only on their own initiative. They have evidently had Moscow's blessing for the act. This Polish rehabilitation, like the Yugoslav one, is only the beginning of a much wider historic revision of Stalin's great purges, a revision which may take years to accomplish, but which is inseparable from the breaking up of Stalinist orthodoxy.

Western Pactomania In the Middle East

RAY ALAN

A TURBULENT spring tide of neutralism is rising in the Middle East. What Radio Cairo calls the "new imperialism" of the Turkish-Iraqi pact (which is favorable to the West) and the "new nationalism" kindled by the Bandung Conference, together with what the West might justifiably call the "new cynicism" of the Soviet about-face on Austria and Yugoslavia, have combined to stiffen Arab resistance to western approaches. At no time since the outbreak of the Korean War have those Arabs free to express an opinion been so nearly unanimous in insisting that the Middle East must remain aloof from "imperialist" ties.

Egyptian officials have let it be known that Colonel Abdel Nasser, head of the Cairo military junta, was powerfully impressed by what he saw and heard at Bandung of Chou En-lai. He is reported to have found Chou "quite convincing" on the subject of both Chinese and Russian views on coexistence. In Calcutta, on his way home, Colonel Nasser went out of his way to be seen and photographed with the Foreign Minister of Afghanistan, who is engaged at the moment in strengthening Afghan relations with the Soviet and heightening tension between his country and Pakistan over the trumped-up "Pushtoonistan" frontier issue. Both Indian and Egyptian official circles see in the Afghan initiative a useful means of detracting from the worth of Pakistan's nominal treaty links with Turkey and the United States.

Before leaving Calcutta, Colonel Nasser reopened his offensive against the Turkish-Iraqi pact and reiterated Egypt's "determined opposition" to big-power participation in Middle Eastern security arrangements. He stressed Egyptian "hatred" of British and all other foreign bases in the region. Back in Cairo—flanked by banners bearing portraits of Nehru and Chou and reading: WELCOME TO THE CONQUEROR OF IMPERIALISM!—the Egyptian leader described the Bandung Conference as "the greatest international meeting of modern times."

The Cairo Plan

Radio Cairo has seized upon the U.S.S.R.'s "realistic reappraisal" of the Austrian situation and upon the Kremlin's desire for a rapprochement with Tito as justifying the Egyptian government's attitude. It gave prominence to Tito's own recent criticism of "bloc politics," which it applied to western efforts in the Middle East. Tito is to visit Cairo as a guest of the Egyptian government and is expected in Egyptian official circles to be the bearer of specific Soviet assurances that will complement those which Chou gave Nasser at Bandung.

On these assurances will hinge the fate of an as yet embryonic Egyptian plan for a Middle Eastern "neutrality pact" to which Tito's Yugoslavia would adhere. Egyptian officials admit that their plan is a direct rejoinder to Washington's Iraqi policy, and they also concede that it would undoubtedly please the Soviet bloc more than the western powers. Its aim would be to neutralize as much as possible of the Middle East (in the first instance, Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen) on the lines of the Swedish-German-Swiss-Austrian-Yugoslav neutral zone the Kremlin is seeking to lay athwart Europe, with Yugoslavia linking the two systems.

THE PLAN'S Egyptian authors say they would like to see it guaranteed, or at least formally "recognized," in roughly identical terms, by both NATO and Russia's East European NATO-through-the-looking-glass. A request for such recognition, which could hardly be refused, would probably embarrass the western powers under present circumstances—not only by putting the "two NATOS" on an equal footing but by obliging the

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West, implicitly, to renounce all further attempts to associate Egypt and the Arab League rump with Atlantic defense. It would annoy Iraq's royal family and those western officials who have decided that the Syrians are incapable of governing themselves because it would place Syria indefinitely beyond the reach of Iraq's expansionist ambitions. Egyptian advocates of the new Middle Eastern neutralism believe that the pact would inevitably lure Iraq away from its present western "entanglements" and back into the Arab League fold once the present Ministry of aging, ailing Nuri Pasha es Saïd was superseded by a more representative Government.

Accessories After the Pact

It would be an oversimplification to present the inter-Arab quarrel touched off by the American-sponsored Turkish-Iraqi pact as one between outright neutralist and wholehearted supporters of the West. The architects of the pact erred in subordinating the long-term interests of the democratic powers to the attainment of a relatively easy, relatively cheap short-term success—in aiming to tickle the passing fancies of psychological-warfare (and, presumably, domestic public-relations) tacticians rather than seriously serve the ends of western strategy. In their haste to chalk up a facile debating point they embarrassed many of the democracies' most worthwhile Middle Eastern friends and scared off many a waverer by appearing to associate the West irrevocably with the same old discredited figures on whom the régimes of the League of Nations mandate days and their immediate successors had leaned so heavily.

To the overwhelming majority of Iraqis, men like Premier Nuri and Crown Prince Abdul Illah are symbols of subjection—domestic and foreign. For nearly thirty years the corrupt, conscienceless landowning oligarchy they and their entourages represent were linked by close mutual dependence with British imperial interests. The oligarchy needed British support in order to be able to safeguard and extend its privileges; Britain needed the collaboration of the oligarchy in maintaining order and laying the administrative foundations of the Iraqi state on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire.

But Britain was starting from scratch, an excuse the State Department can scarcely give. Today, direct British control of Iraqi affairs is no more, and the Iraqi ruling class, fortified by oil royalties, is able to stand on its own feet. But old habits of thought die hard, and so long as Nuri is on the stage and the Emir Abdul Illah in the wings, Iraqis will suspect that the show is British—or at any rate "imperialist." Britain's adherence to the Turkish-Iraqi pact did nothing to disillusion them.

In British official circles majority opinion still seems unenthusiastic about the pact. Some officials will admit that Sir Anthony Eden's decision to adhere to it made a handsome gift to Soviet propagandists and Arab Anglophobes alike. On the other hand, they ask, what was Britain to do? Having been rushed into this impasse by Washington's point-scoring "pactomanes," it was in danger of losing its traditional political lead in Iraq to Turkey. This Britain has averted for the time being, but at the exorbitant cost of losing face in the rest of the Middle East, jeopardizing its foothold in the councils of the Colombo powers, reviving French and Israeli—and Iraqi—mistrust, and tying its information services in knots.

Scandal in the Air

Meanwhile, among the Arabs themselves the quarrel grows more venomous daily. Infuriated by official Egyptian radio attacks over Cairo's powerful Voice of the Arabs transmitter, the Iraqi government recently sponsored a "Free Egypt" radio station that denounces the "tyrannous Nasser dictatorship" and urges Egypt's scattered anti-Nasser – but also anti-western—Moslem Brotherhood fantatics to prepare the junta's overthrow. The Egyptian government has retaliated by founding a "Free Iraqi" station that denounces the "tyrannous Nuri dictatorship," threatens to reveal the text of alleged secret clauses in the recent Anglo-Iraqi treaty, and regales its listeners with details of the allegedly unsavory sex life of the Crown Prince.

Syria, throughout history the plaything of Egyptian and Mesopotamian power politics, has been torn apart by the dispute. The wounds left by its five postwar *coups d'etat*—which seemed to be healing, with some hope of possible democratization and stabilization, in the months that followed the overthrow of military dictator Adib Shishakli—have been reopened. The pro-Egyptian Deputy Chief of Staff, Colonel Adnan Malki, has been shot dead by a pro-Iraqi military police sergeant and there have been fierce armed clashes between the rival factions. Senior army officers are again intervening in politics. To win a few cheers and maintain itself in office the Syrian government has been reduced once more to the threadbare device of firing on Jewish fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. Neutralism, in the worst anti-western sense of the term, is rampant.

This is the "situation of strength" on which Mr. Dulles has elected to repose the West's interests in the Near East. It is well to be under no illusions as to the identity of the only power able to draw strength and comfort from it. Apparently aloof from the strife and hubbub, the U.S.S.R. alone has been enabled by U.S. policy to pose as the friend of the Middle Eastern masses, requiring neither bases nor pacts nor privileges and asking only that they stay out of other people's quarrels—their natural inclination anyhow. The memory of the days when Russia was bullying Iran for an oil concession and Turkey for the cession of strategic frontier zones has become overlaid in Arab minds by resentment against current western tactics.

An extremely important Washington (Pentagon) personality, replying (in private) to objections that the U.S. government, like Whitehall in Ernest Bevin's heyday, was in danger of developing a vested interest in the maintenance in power of discredited, unrepresentative régimes, is quoted by a top Egyptian diplomat as saying (in effect): "What do we care about régimes? All we're interested in is real estate." When Middle Eastern affairs come to be conducted on that level of political understanding, it is almost time to give up. It is bad enough for the democratic nations to have Communists scattering tacks across every crossroads without their own employees putting sugar in the gas tank.

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Every Congressman A Television Star

DOUGLAS CATER

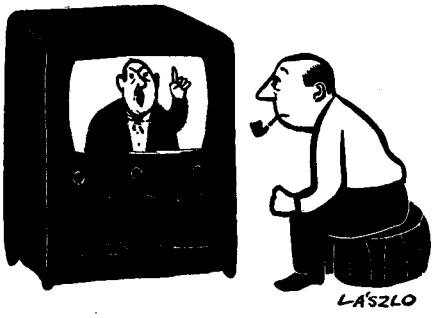
JUST BEHIND the House Office Building, in offices above the dingy old George Washington Inn, a small group of Republican staff workers are pioneering in adapting politics to the mid-twentieth century. The group, led by a public-relations expert and a former legman for Fulton Lewis, Jr., works for the National Republican Congressional Committee. To a city accustomed on occasion to the composite photograph in politics, this group has brought the composite political telecast.

Take a recent memo sent by this group to every Republican Member of Congress. Would the Congressman be interested in filming a short discussion with Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey on such items of public interest as the budget, spending, security, more jobs, and the cost of living? If so, he should drop by the Joint House and Senate Recording Facility. He is furnished a written list of questions which he is to address to a TV camera. Without further fuss, a completed film will be turned over to him in which, as the memo makes clear, "The camera—or the voices if it is just for radio—will . . . switch back and forth between the Member and his guest [Secretary Humphrey] in a smooth manner *as though both were present in the same room*" (italics ours).

Big Man in Washington

A reasonably energetic Republican Congressman can now have his supposed familiarity with the highest policymakers widely publicized with little loss of his own time and even less of theirs—in fact, without ever having met them. He might have been seen discussing labor relations with Labor Secretary James Mitchell (CONGRESSMAN: There has been a lot of talk, Secretary Mitchell, about the Eisenhower Administration's not being pro-labor. . . . MITCHELL: Now you know, Congressman ———, that kind of talk makes my hair stand on end. I cannot say it too strongly: THE EISENHOWER ADMINISTRATION IS PRO-LABOR.) Or he might have been shown discussing the Salk vaccine with Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Hobby (". . . a three-minute TV-radio narration on the part the Eisenhower Administration is playing in promoting the use of this life-saving vaccine").

Occasionally, the skillful operators of this new craft have run into snags. The script prepared for the interview with Secretary of Labor Mitchell, for example, contained a section in which Mitchell was supposed to say to the Congressman



apropos a Democratic argument: "I do not need to point out to you, Congressman ———, that is entirely wrong. You in ——— have the great ——— industry in ——— and the ——— industry in ———. These ——— industries have different needs and so do their workers." Mitchell was to read words to fill the missing blanks for each Congressman, which would be spliced in at the appropriate places in the film. This section had to be dropped. The TV composite cannot be "personalized" that much yet.

BUT REPUBLICAN ingenuity has not ended with the television interview. The omnipresent Congressman, if he chooses, can be dubbed into a real Spectacular of rocketing Nikes, or, alternatively, of zooming F-84 Thunderjets, B-47s, and B-36s "releasing an incredible string of bomb clusters, which explode against the ground in what seems like a never-ending series of blasts." He can be seen introducing a grand panorama of power plants and atomic installations while he explains the complex issues of Dixon-Yates. ("Members can arrange to be photographed at the television facility voicing their own opening and closing narrations —or the entire script, for that matter," the Dixon-Yates routine began, reflecting a certain wariness on the part of the ghosts as to whether the Member could handle so tough a subject.) The Member may also be seen behind his desk giving a lecture on paper work, which he will describe as a "monster threatening to engulf the very function for which the government was established."

Finally, for the well-rounded Congressman, the National Republican Congressional Committee will supply a three-minute Washington travelogue. ("If you are visited by a group of students or other tourists from your District, our photographer would be happy to shoot some motion picture scenes on the steps of the Capitol showing the group being greeted by you. Then the travelogue would be inserted, and your program would explain that these were some of the scenes which the group saw in their tour of Washington.")

Ghost Appearance

In sum, the Republican staff workers are making a valiant effort to move from ghostwriting to the ghost appearance. And it is not a high-priced operation. The film clips of which most such features are composed can be obtained from the armed services or almost as cheaply from the commercial television news companies. The Joint House and Senate Recording Facility, a private studio subsidized by Congress to the extent of rent and taxes, is equipped to make film shots of Congressmen and to edit and prepare finished prints at dirt-cheap prices. A thirty-minute print can be bought for less than $150. A one-minute spot costs the Congressman as little as $4.40.

Best of all, the Republicans are labeling their between-campaign TV and radio offerings as "public-service" features, so that the Congressman can dun his local station

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for free time. Evidently the rules relating to this kind of thing are fairly lax. The National Republican Congressional Committee, for example, recently sent out a letter to its members describing a newly proposed animated film entitled "The Mystery of the Lost Depression," which, it was reported, "factually exposes the alarums and distortions made by the gloomers . . . The film is free from partisan politics and is designed to be used on TV as a public service," announced the letter with a strictly partisan letterhead signed by the National Republican Congressional Committee's Public Relations Director Harold Slater.

"This use of animation," Slater prophesied modestly, "introduces a new technique in politics which we believe will be most effective. . . ." Cartoons were done by staff artists, the narration by "a professional New York actor-announcer." Presumably the bit part played by the lowly Congressman is done live.

The Eisenhower Speech

Speaking to the Radio and Television Broadcasters on May 24, President Eisenhower pointed to their industry's great capacity for swaying public opinion and argued that this gives them added responsibility "to see that the news . . . is truthfully told, with the integrity of the entire industry behind it. . . . Of course you want to entertain," Mr. Eisenhower added. "Of course you want people to look at it, and I am all for it. . . . But when we come to something that we call news—and I am certain that I am not speaking of anything that you haven't discussed earnestly among yourselves—let us simply be sure it is news."

So far no one has questioned the ghosted appearance, the phony interview, the synthetic repartee, and the other more serious fakeries that seem to be the public-relations experts' notion of how to campaign on TV. One lonely critic, Senator Richard Neuberger, freshman Democrat from Oregon, has raised an alarm about the concealed use of teleprompters and facial make-up by candidates. The Senator wants to pass a law against it. Obviously, however, legislation is not the main answer to fraudulent politics.

One thing is certain. Those now

THE VORACIOUS MONSTER

ERIC SEVAREID

THE COUNTRY'S radio-TV owners and managers have been in Washington recently, looking, for all the mystery and magic of their medium, pretty much like other rumpled conventioneers—bothered by the heat. They heard that useful citizen of Louisville, Mr. Mark Ethridge, describe TV as "a voracious monster which consumes Shakespeare, talent and money at a fearful rate." I couldn't, as our British cousins say, agree with him more.

It has long been the fashion among some to complain that the percentage of high-quality programs on TV or radio is low. But when you look at the business from the inside out, you often wonder that the percentage is as high as it is. For there's never been a media monster with an appetite like this. A book lasts, a play lasts, a magazine lasts—at least for a week. But in five, fifteen, or thirty minutes the radio or TV program is gone and can't be repeated. Every few minutes the maw of the monster *must be fed a new dish, for eighteen* to twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. Make your complaint to the typical program director, and if he doesn't stab you with his letter opener he will say, "Look, friend, there isn't enough *mediocrity* around, let alone high-class stuff."

This is the thing that stops me, or anyway slows me down in pondering the proposed subscription TV, a very *hot topic on which I am otherwise a* moron. You drop in a coin and get a very superior show on your set. But what shows and how often? Suppose you get every hit play on Broadway. That's ten or twelve evenings out of your year. Hollywood produces maybe one superior picture a month. That's another twelve evenings. There are maybe three nationally important prize fights a year. Add a few *odds and ends. If you have thirty-six* —that is, ten per cent of your evenings in the year—graced by really superior programs not otherwise obtainable at home, programs with enough popular demand to warrant the production costs, you would, I suspect, be doing well.

MR. ETHRIDGE went on to express the plaintive hope that TV may some day be free of the shackles, the worry of the sponsor, joy of the advertising men, and terror of the tal*ent—the ratings. The other day* the producer of a popular nighttime TV show said to me, "Over forty million people see it every week." The ratings, he said, prove it. I was duly impressed, but then the subversive habit of pondering began to gnaw at the vitals of my faith.

Let's see. Total population is a hundred and sixty-five million, of all ages. Take away the forty-three million kids under twelve who'll be in bed. The A.A.A. estimates maybe sixteen million people in cars at that hour. The FCC figures sixteen million people have no television sets or stations to listen to. There's about a million on trains, planes, and busses *at that hour.*

How many million people are in hotels, hospitals, theaters, movie houses, restaurants, ball parks, at bridge games, P.T.A. meetings? How many are chinning with the neighbors, walking the dog, reading a magazine or book? How many million are listening to the radio? How many are carpentering in the basement, rocking on the front stoop, just sitting *and thinking—or just sitting?* How many million are working at night jobs or already asleep? How many are watching TV but not *that* program because it isn't carried there or they are watching some other program even if it is?

THE THING gets obsessive, like counting—or rather subtracting—sheep. I'd love to believe that one-fourth *of the entire American population* watches my friend's show. But my love of producers — otherwise unlimited— doesn't seem to stretch that far.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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caught up in the business fail to see why there is any need for improvement. One of the group that helps prepare these programs, when queried about some of the practices, answered rather sharply: "You don't think anything about it when a Hollywood movie shows the star singing from the back of a horse. Yet you know he actually didn't sing on horseback. What's the difference?"

DURING the campaign last fall, this same group in the Republican Congressional Committee prepared for radio such visceral appeals as this one-minute radio spot:

(*Sound: printing presses*)

NEWS ANNOUNCER: Those are the printing presses of the Communist Party! Listen to them!

(*Repeat: sound of presses*)

NEWS ANNOUNCER: The date is April, 1954. Those printing presses are turning out the official Communist Party line.

MAN WITH RUSSIAN ACCENT (presumably Soviet official): Defeat the Republican Congressional candidates in 1954. That is our order from Moscow! Return America to a New Deal type Administration! Moscow orders that!

NEWS ANNOUNCER: Yes, that is the official blueprint for political action in the Communist Party, U.S.A., that rolled off the presses in April, 1954. Don't take orders from Moscow! Vote for a Republican Congress in 1955 and '56. Vote Republican in November!

'Impressionable People'

The President also told the radio and TV executives: ". . . with the television or with the radio, you put an appealing voice or an engaging personality in the living room of the home, where there are impressionable people from the ages of understanding on up. In many ways, therefore, the effect of your industry in swaying public opinion, . . . particularly about burning questions of the moment, may be even greater than the press . . ."

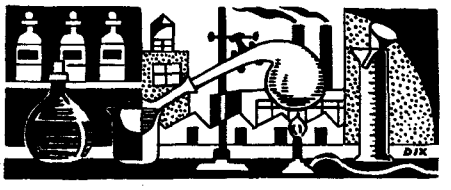
Of course the President is right again. But perhaps he should have addressed his appeal for responsibility to the politicians—beginning with those of his own party—as well as to the broadcasters.

Is Fluoridation A Marxist Plot?

VIC REINEMER

MORE THAN twenty million Americans in more than a thousand communities drink fluoridated water—water to which approximately one part of sodium fluoride per million has been added. Another three and a half million Americans drink naturally fluoridated water.

Fluoridation has been approved by every scientific society of recognized standing in the field of health, including the American Dental Association, dental societies of all the states and territories, the American Medical Association, and the U.S. Public Health Service. They favor fluoridation because exhaustive tests,



conducted over a period of years, have shown that fluoridation reduces tooth decay among children, on the average, by fifty per cent or more.

For example, the rate of dental decay among six-to-twelve-year-old children in Newburgh, New York, where the water has been fluoridated since 1945, is running fifty per cent below the rate in nearby Kingston, which does not have fluoridation. In two other communities that pioneered in fluoridation, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Brantford, Ontario, tooth decay among six-to-nine-year-old children has decreased by from forty-six to seventy per cent. Similar results are being reported in communities that began fluoridation more recently, and studies by the Public Health Service have produced no evidence that fluoridation has any harmful effects.

NEVERTHELESS, fluoridation has vigorous opponents. Some of them claim that it is lethal, others that it is a Marxist plot.

When fluoridation becomes an issue in a community, the odds are against its being approved. During the past six months fluoridation referendums have been held in twenty-five communities. In only seven was it approved. Five of the eighteen communities that rejected it already had fluoridation programs under way. Before the more recent votes, fluoridation had been approved by referendum in sixty-three communities with a total population of 2,209,438 and disapproved in fifty-two communities with a total population of 1,789,404. Twenty-five communities, with a total population of 1,020,596, had discontinued fluoridation, either by referendum or by action of the local governing body.

An International Plot

What are the charges made against fluoridation, and who makes them?

According to the *Americanism Bulletin*, edited by W. D. Herrstrom in Faribault, Minnesota, fluoridation is "a plot of the world planners . . . more dangerous than atomic bombs. [It] breaks down the 'wills of the people.'"

"It is reported," wrote Herrstrom, "that in Russia fluorine was added to the milk given babies in order to weaken their wills and make them more amenable to dictatorship when they grew up."

George Racey Jordan, a former Army Air Force major who makes a career out of exposing what he considers threats to our way of life, has declared that the future defenders of America at West Point and Annapolis are getting a "Russian prescribed dose of fluoride poison in their tap water."

Last year the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce held hearings on a bill "To protect the public health from the dangers" of fluoridation. Dr. Charles T. Betts, a Toledo dentist who is president of the Anti-Cancer Club of America,

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head of the Research Publishing Company, and distributor of many pamphlets ("Death in the Pot," "Aspirin Poisoning," "Early Grave Via the Modern Kitchen," "Fluorine Poisoning Everybody"), testified as follows on the effects of fluoridated water:

". . . I find men like my Senator Taft died after drinking this water one year. I find one Supreme Court Justice from Kentucky also buried after drinking the water one year. Many of our Senators and Representatives have gone . . ."

The Fluoridation Educational Society of the Carolinas, Inc., suggests in a brochure that fluoridation programs are part of an international plot that has been extended to the United States in the following manner:

"Lenin advised: 'Get control of the public health agencies and furnish the keystone in the arch of socialized medicine. . . .'

"One of the main transmission belts from Moscow for socialized medicine is the World Federation of Trade Unions, organized in Paris in 1945. Sidney Hillman went there from New York, where he met with Moscow agents to form the organization. . .

"Oscar Ewing has received the 'Hillman Award.' Ewing was attorney for the Aluminum Company of America until he took office as Federal Security Administrator. Soon thereafter he proposed fluoridation of public water supplies."

EVEN in some communities where there has been no referendum on fluoridation, the controversy has paralyzed city officials. One such community is Hartford, Connecticut, the home of Miss Lillian Van de Vere.

Miss Van de Vere refers to herself as a medical research specialist. When the Hartford Junior Chamber of Commerce began a fluoridation campaign late in 1952 she protested the display of pro-fluoridation literature and forced its removal. She then put up her own exhibit, including an enlarged picture of a rat to illustrate her point that "Sodium fluoride is rat poison . . . the deadliest of all poisons."

Discussions were held at hospitals and before Parent-Teacher Associations. At these meetings Miss Van de Vere, her face swathed in bandages, cross-examined the speakers and made speeches herself. She explained that her face was bandaged because it had broken out after she accidentally drank some coffee made with fluoridated water.

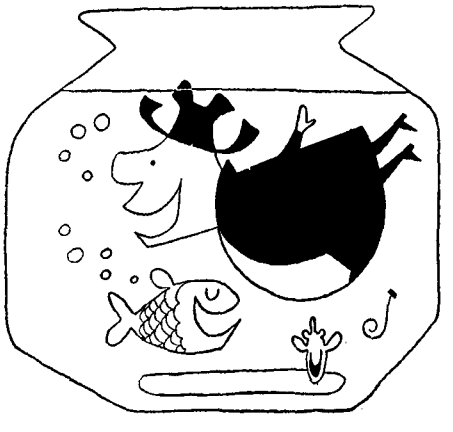
Meanwhile the Hartford city council, which had gone on record against fluoridation, advocated exploration of fluoridation's "feasibility." Miss Van de Vere got a majority of the councilmen to sign a petition advocating a return to their previous opposition stand. The council took no action, but the resulting stalemate is equivalent to victory for Miss Van de Vere.

The Vigilantes

In community fluoridation fights, anti-fluoridationists frequently distribute literature written by Dr. Betts, Dr. E. H. Bronner, Dr. Royal Lee, and the Citizens Medical Reference Bureau.

Dr. Bronner is a Los Angeles chemist who manufactures Dr. Bronner's Organic Mineral Salt, which he claims is superior to fluoridated water. Active in the anti-fluoridation movement in Seattle, where his side won a 2-1 referendum victory, Dr. Bronner has referred to fluoridation as "treason," "insanity," and "Communist."

In January, 1952, when he was making speeches against fluoridation in Iowa, he aroused the suspicion of the Clinton *Herald*, which discovered that he had been committed to the Elgin, Illinois, state hospital for the mentally ill on March 27, 1946, and escaped in 1947. He speedily accepted the alternative to recommitment offered by Clinton police, and left town. The city council nevertheless voted down fluoridation by an overwhelming 8-1.



Dr. Lee is a vitamin-products jobber who also opposes pasteurization of milk and cooking in aluminum pans, and advocates use of his products in preference to fluoridated water. He was convicted in 1940 in Federal court in Milwaukee of misbranding one of his products, which he claimed would cure forty-one diseases and conditions, including goiter, Bright's disease, whooping cough, dropsy, cystitis, "weakness in hot weather," St. Vitus' dance, and falling hair.

In 1942 he was ordered to stop shipping misbranded products in interstate commerce. In 1951 a Federal court in Los Angeles ordered food stores to stop giving away some of his literature. Nevertheless, following his speech to a women's club in Lakeland, Florida, in 1952, that city's councilmen were persuaded to return fluoridation equipment which they had not yet installed.

Dr. Lee's opposition to pasteurization is shared by Dr. Betts. Incidentally, Dr. Lee has never practiced the dentistry for which he trained, and Dr. Betts never trained for the dentistry which he practices. He received his license in 1902, when dental-college training was not required. Dr. Betts also opposes vaccination.

The Citizens Medical Reference Bureau, with offices at 1860 Broadway in New York City, is using some of the same arguments against fluoridation that it used against vaccination in the 1920's. An A.M.A. investigator reported that the Bureau's secretary sells "Koch's drug for cancer," which consists almost entirely of distilled water.

According to James C. Spaulding of the Milwaukee *Journal*, the Bureau is financed by anti-vivisectionists as well as opponents of chlorination, vaccination, and fluoridation. Several of fluoridation's vocal opponents also oppose use of aluminum utensils for cooking. This helps explain the vehemence of the attack on Oscar Ewing, who is for flouridation and used to be with the Aluminum Company of America.

IN SOME communities Christian Scientists have opposed fluoridation on the ground that it constitutes

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mass medication. A few physicians and dentists find the "socialized medicine" argument of opponents appealing. But rarely has a practicing dentist, physician, or public-health official opposed fluoridation. In those few instances the opposition was usually based on a reservation that can be stated thus: "Results of fluoridation so far seem beneficial, but we need more time and data before we can be certain." Meanwhile the American Dental Association, the American Medical Association, and similar societies and practically all of their members are convinced that fluoridation is worthwhile, and that a delay in fluoridating is a disservice to the children in the community concerned.

It is the extremists, rather than the occasional unconvinced physician or dentist, who persuade voters and councilmen to reject the advice of health experts. The extremists are aided by the general indifference of newspapers and political organizations.

The 'Rat-Poison' Theme

Last fall in Atlantic City fluoridation's opponents had no apparent leadership. A chiropractor made the only anti-fluoridation speech in the campaign. A few opposition letters on the "rat-poison" theme appeared in the Atlantic City *Press,* but a number of physicians and dentists spoke for fluoridation at civic clubs and P.T.A.s. Then, a day or two before the voting, the mails were flooded with thousands of pamphlets bearing skull and crossbones and carrying on the "rat-poison" argument. The antis won, 3-2.

The "rat-poison" scare was also thrown into a majority of the voters of Salem, Oregon, and Peekskill, New York. In Peekskill both the Republican and Democratic Parties had supported fluoridation a few years ago. But after a local Committee Against Fluoridation was formed shortly before last fall's referendum, both parties shifted into neutral.

In Meadville, Pennsylvania, the opposition was led by chiropractors and a group of frequent contributors to the letters column of the Meadville *Tribune-Republican,* which gave fluoridation only mild editorial support. Opponents formed a Pure Water Committee and charged that fluoridation was instigated by the Communists and subsidized by chemical manufacturers. The vote against fluoridation was more than 3-1 in Meadville.

AT FIRST there seemed to be little interest in fluoridation one way or the other in Fremont, Nebraska. The *Guide and Tribune* did not take an editorial stand on the issue. But soon stories began to come in from neighboring Beatrice, where an elephant owner reported that fluoridated water was harming his animal and a city official said that fluoridation had been held responsible, by some citizens, for rusting water pipes and backaches. In Fremont, too, fluoridation was defeated in the referendum.

Strong but belated support for continued fluoridation by Greensboro, North Carolina, physicians and dentists, who were stanchly supported by the *Daily News* and its cartoonist, Hugh Haynie, failed to quell the doubts raised by opponents, who emphasized the "subversive" and "poisonous" nature of fluoridation. A sympathetic local disk jockey encouraged listeners to telephone and tell the radio audience about all their ills which they attributed to fluoridation. The city council voted to abandon fluoridation, and the electorate indicated its agreement in the referendum.

OPPONENTS of fluoridation have found that, while putting Lenin in the other camp helps their cause, putting J. Edgar Hoover on their side is advantageous too.

The FBI Director figured in the Yonkers, New York, campaign last fall to rescind a 1951 ordinance that appropriated $10,000 with which to begin fluoridation. Herrstrom's *Americanism Bulletin* had reported that Mr. Hoover warned the public in 1951 to report any attempted "poisoning of public water supplies." Clearly, it was a patriotic duty to expose the fluoridation plot. An unsigned pamphlet quoting Mr. Hoover was distributed in Yonkers. Despite his letter to a council member stating that he had "never issued any statement concerning fluoridation" and that his 1951 remark "should not be construed as an opinion" on the subject, the council backed away from fluoridation, 10-3.

Facts vs. Fantasy

The little community of Mountain Home, Arkansas, was one of the few to approve fluoridation at the last general election. There were the usual scare pamphlets and timorous officials. But they were outweighed by the weekly Baxter *Bulletin,* which latched onto fluoridation after a state health department dentist proposed it at a Rotary meeting. The weekly informed the voters and showed up the opponents more effectively than many dailies in other communities did.

Milwaukee is another community where an aggressive newspaper campaign (by the *Journal*) paid off. Councilmen there hedged from 1948 until 1953, when fluoridation was approved by 3-2 in a referendum. Milwaukee's brewers contributed to the delaying action. They were not particularly worried about fluoridation's possible effect on the taste or quality of their products, but they were afraid sales might be hurt anyway.

Perhaps their concern was justified, in view of the public's imaginative powers. In Elyria, Ohio, and Charlotte, North Carolina, city officials received numerous complaints about the water's bad taste after it was announced that fluoridation was about to begin. Actually, fluoridation had not yet begun in either city.

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The Eagles Of Swaziland

ROBERT ARDREY

HIS NAME was Jan De Villiers. The De Villiers are an honored race in South Africa. Their French Huguenot ancestors came to the Cape two and a half centuries ago. They established vineyards and orchards, and the villages around Franschhoek. They came up against the Dutch, were utterly defeated, and became, to all intents and purposes, Afrikanders.

So Jan De Villiers is an Afrikander, just as are the De Wets and the Den Heevers and the Oostehuizens and the Van Aardts. Jan is twenty-six, blue-eyed, brown-haired, and slim. He is a professional driver for a safari outfit in the Transvaal, and it is his job to find photogenic lions for Americans such as myself.

"You haven't lived," a friend in New York had said, "until you've gone to one of these African game reserves and had a lion scratch his rear against your fender."

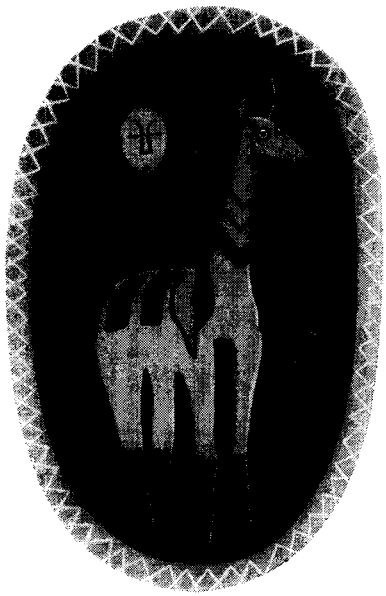
"You haven't lived," a friend in London had said, "until you've parked your car beside an African river, and here's a dozen or so nervous antelope a hundred feet ahead, and over here right under your window is a lioness stalking the antelope and using your car as a screen."

I look with suspicion on such proceedings. My experience with North American animals consists of regular contact with two house cats (*Felis domestica*), some tropical fish, and a canary of agreeable disposition. Whether I have lived is a question that seldom concerns me; whether I shall continue to do so seems as a rule of greater interest.

Off to the Veld

In Africa, however, the time came. I had been stalking politicians in Johannesburg, the Free State, and through the Parliamentary jungle of Cape Town. In spite of all better judgment, I came to long for the four-legged animal and the dark magnificence of a fabled continent. So it was that I took my choice, paid my money, and slept my last night in a Johannesburg hotel bravely and truly dreaming of unfriendly leopards.

At four in the morning I found myself staggering blindly around my



hotel room while a porter put tea on my table. The safari people believe in rousing you early even when it isn't necessary. It's a wise move. The city-bred American must condition himself from the first instant to the African carnivore's most discouraging habit: the hours he keeps.

At five, on Eloff Street, I met Jan De Villiers. It was too dark for us to see each other. I stowed my 30-30 Kodak aboard his Chevrolet.

"What'll we see?" I said, trying to keep my voice natural. "Buffalo? elephant? lions?" I kept away from leopards.

"If you have read the literature," he said, "you will know that Kruger Park abounds with wild life of all descriptions."

Kruger Park lies between the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa, three hundred miles east of Johannesburg. It is low veld. In March, at the end of the rainy summer season, only one section is high enough to be free of malaria and open to the public. We arrived at Pretorius Kop, the rest camp, in time for lunch.

"Rest till four," said Jan, austerely. "The game will be resting. There's no point in going out."

"I can't wait," I said.

He looked at me gloomily.

I went to my rondavel. The round hut has influenced considerably the more sophisticated African architecture. My cabin had brick walls, a conical thatched roof, and a veranda. I looked at the thick bush a hundred yards away, wondered how tired the animals were, and went in and locked my door.

View Halloo!

At four we were on the road. We circled a rocky hill slowly.

"There's been a pride of lions living here this summer," Jan remarked.

Tensely, I watched the rocky slopes. I inspected the flat-topped African trees. We saw nothing. Suddenly there was a crash in the brush and I dropped my camera and the gray haunches of an animal resembling a compact cow vanished into the undergrowth.

"Wildebeeste," said Jan, sourly. "You have now seen game."

His face seemed drawn. I looked at him suspiciously. We left the hill. We drove eleven miles before we came to the crocodile. Once Jan pointed out a speck beside the trunk of a distant tree. He identified it as a baboon. My eyes are not what they once were, and I did not see it. Once I caught a sunny flash from a hillside a mile away.

"Zebra," said Jan, with some admiration. "Very good, boss."

Once he slowed the car to a stop and looked raptly at a tree.

"Ficus sycomorus," he said.

"Where?" I said, frantically, point-

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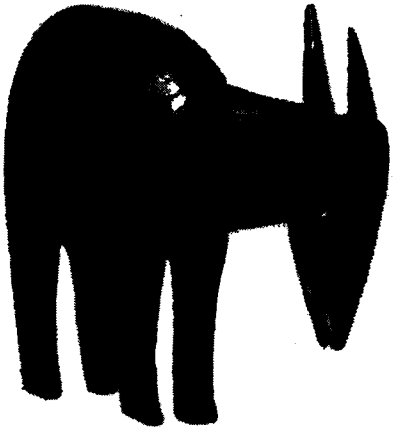


ing my camera and wondering about the light.

"The tree," he said.

We came to the crocodile. There was a little draw and a small stream. Half a dozen cars were in line at the bridge. It is a rule in Kruger Park, as in most game reserves, that one cannot get out of the car. People leaned from the windows with cameras. "Crocodile!" shouted someone triumphantly. We waited our turn.

The crocodile lay on a rock a hundred yards away. It was a baby, three feet long, and resembled in no small degree one of our less impressive Florida alligators.

"Jan," I said slowly, "you and I are going to have to have a long talk."

For the Birds

There was a line of cars behind us waiting to see the crocodile, and so we had to drive on. We stopped under a tree.

"*Combretum imberbe,*" he said. "Leadwood. Very heavy."

I got out cigarettes. A green flash zoomed through the trees.

"Meyer's parrot," he said.

"Jan," I said.

He leaned his forehead against the steering wheel. He closed his eyes. Then he straightened himself, and he fingered his four-in-hand tie which he wore even when hunting lion, and he took a cigarette.

"It breaks my heart," he said, very low. I lit our cigarettes. A variety of shrike flew past. It grows a long tail in the mating season. "No one has seen a lion around Kruger Park in two and one half weeks. There is a family of four cheetah. It's possible we may see them, but since everyone else in the park is trying to see them, this family of cheetah are becoming embarrassed and are reluctant to show themselves."

"Good God," I said. And suddenly I wanted to see a lion.

"I could cry," he said. And for a moment I thought he was going to. "I pick up somebody like you in Johannesburg. Next Tuesday it will be somebody else. They have shown you the literature, they've taken your money, and who is to find the lion? *I* am to find the lion—"

"Look here," I said hastily, "I don't really care about seeing a lion." I did, of course, by now. I cared enormously about seeing a lion. But I thought he was going to cry, and he seemed fifteen years old. "I understand. It's luck. And it's the wrong time of year—"

"Oh, yes," he said. "The wrong time of year. Then the right time comes, and the animals come, and the people come, and here is this lion and forty cars lined up to observe, and you can't get a picture that doesn't look like a parking lot. Oh, I tell you sometimes at night I dream of eagles, and I wake up and say I cannot face another safari; it breaks my heart. I am going back to the eagles even though I can't make a living."

"Look," I said, "don't worry about me. I like trees. All I wanted was to get out into Africa. Parrots and things. I love birds—"

Valley of the Wagonmakers

"You do?" He whirled on me, with an amazing fire. He must have seen something in my eyes. The fire died. "That's not fair, boss."

"What is all this about eagles?" I said.

He started the car. "If we move along, we may see some very fine buck," he said, most formally. "It will be dark soon. We have to be in camp."

"Turn that thing off," I said. "Tell me about eagles."

"I train them," he said, reluctantly, almost sullenly.

"Train eagles?" I said. "How long have you been training eagles?"

"Ten years," he said. "Since I was fifteen. Till a year ago. There is no money in it. A man must grow up."

"I don't understand," I said slowly. "I never heard of training eagles. I don't believe it." He reached for the starter. "I'm sorry," I said, quickly. "I believe it. Where did you start doing this?"

"At the Cape," he said. "Where I grew up. In the Valley of the Wagonmakers."

"I have been there," I said.

Jan De Villiers turned towards me, and there was a moment.

"Paarl? Franschhoek?"

"Paarl and Franschhoek," I said.

"You know, then!" he said. "The Drakensteins! The mountains above the orchards, and Paarl. There are streams in the mountains, and fountains high above the trees, and little places where the eagles are!"

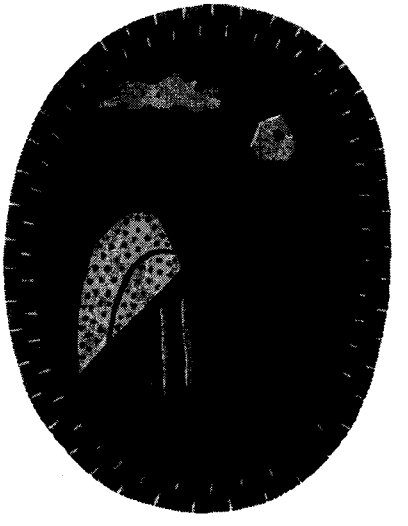
One Starts with Hawks

I nodded. I didn't know, but neither could I speak.

"Oh!" he said. "One starts out with hawks, of course. This is falconry. One reads the books. They tell you how. In the valley you catch a hawk. Stake out a pigeon, a living pigeon, and there is a black net of fine threads. The hawk swoops for the pigeon, and he is caught. It is great fun, but it is nothing to eagles.

"Eagles!" Jan repeated, and he looked out of the car window at the sky. "Yes. The day comes, boss. You look up at the mountains from the valley and you say, I can do it with eagles. Up in the mountains you lie in the little places. You watch. For months that is all. You observe the golden eagle. Then—like for the hawk, but stronger—you lay a trap. And lo! it is all so simple. You have caught an eagle."

A herd of gentle brown impala



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came delicately into the road. I scarcely saw them.

"You must bind him quickly," said Jan. "The golden eagle. He fights the trap. He may hurt himself. Bind him, bind him quickly all over like a mummy, so he will not be hurt. And take him home. There free him."

The lovely brown antelope, shoulder high, surrounded our car. They nibbled at the bush, raised their great oval ears.

"How do you free him?" I said.

"In black dark," said Jan. "Or with a hood about his eyes. You stand him on your arm. He grips it. He cannot see. He cannot fly. He will lose his balance but for your arm. Your arm is his security. Now feed him. Feed him the very finest meat, meat you cannot afford for yourself. In a very few days, remove the hood. He will stay with you. But for months you must carry him on your arm."

"How much does he weigh?"

"Ten pounds. The martial eagle more."

"What happens to your arm?"

"It grows strong."

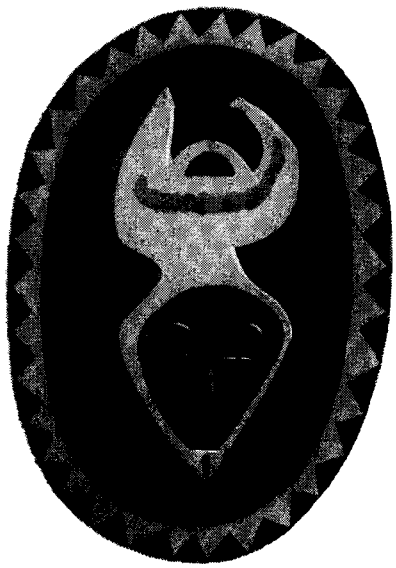
The sun was leaving the gray green leaves of the thorn trees, and the cassia, and the bird plum. All in an instant they became black lace against the paling sky. A red-headed francolin hawked at us from the tall grass. An impala, a slim young buck, stepped daintily across the road to join the feeding herd. He held his horns high.

The Story of Mwe

"Once—once!—I trained a martial eagle." The young Afrikander watched the slim young buck. He spoke very low. "It was on a farm, in the Orange Free State. Golden eagles are playful. They tease you. Not the martial eagle. How he would drop from the sky, in one long zoom! On a jackal. The hawk kills with his beak, the eagle with his claws. I'd approach the dead jackal. Mwe—that was the name I called my martial eagle—he would leap from the jackal to my arm. And look away.

"He would ignore me. On my arm, he would look away while I picked up his kill. I would give him his reward—a bit of meat far better than the dead jackal—and he would take it in his terrible beak, and still ignore me, and turn his piercing eyes away across the veld. What did he look at? I don't know.

"Golden eagles will tease you. They will pretend to fly away, and while you are not looking they'll come back and knock your head off. It is all a joke. It is also dangerous.



On the leg of a golden eagle one must put a bell, so you can hear him coming, or you will end up in hospital.

"Not the martial eagle. To have put a bell on Mwe? Oh, no. That was not our relationship. He would follow me about the Free State farm, flying from tree to tree, yet never seeming to see me. Not till I put up my arm and faced him would he come. Then—like that—from half a mile he would come."

We watched the herd of impala move slowly away into the darkening bush. A hornbill with a great absurd yellow sickle of a beak dropped down on a branch of the leadwood tree and regarded us. The sky took fire. Tier after tier of flat-bottomed cumulus clouds caught the spreading conflagration.

"Where can one see a martial eagle?" I asked.

"In the mountains," he said, motioning to the south. "In Swaziland."

"What happened to Mwe?" I said.

"Who can know?" said Jan. "Often I took him out in the fields for a joy ride. I would raise my arm, and for a moment he would stand there, all dignity, ignoring me, looking away across the veld. Then—off! Circling into the sky, higher, higher. Here was an eagle with an eight-foot span. How high must such an eagle fly to disappear entirely, straight above?

"I have good eyes. I would say to myself, this time I will see him to the top. And I would lie down on my back while he rose, circling, circling. I would watch, watch, watch. Now he is as small as a hawk, as a night jar, as a sparrow, as the tiniest insect. And then—it is always the same. He is a remembrance. I have lost him again. I have lost him to the blueness, and the mystery.

"Always it is the same. I cannot tell you, boss, the sadness with which I rise from the ground. This time, I think, I have lost him for good. Why should he come back?

"Yet always I stop at the gate by the farm. And I raise my arm, and wait. And joy, joy! there he is! Mwe! Always! The beggar! He could see me when I could not see him! Down he comes, out of the blueness in long, slow sweeps. And now he is on my arm again, ignoring me, looking out across the veld. My heart bursts. We go to our dinner."

"Always?" I said.

"Always," said Jan. "Always—but once."

Four-thirty for Leopard

Nowhere but in Africa are there such sunsets. While you count perhaps to thirty the sky burns out, and there is left only purple smoke.

"I was twenty," said Jan. "That was five years ago. It is still a very great temptation to look for Mwe, wherever one goes, in all Africa. Like an awful voice it comes to me, sometimes in most unlikely places—

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'Stand! Look up! Raise your arm! Mwe is up there, up there in the blueness, you cannot see him but he can see you! Raise your arm! He is waiting.'"

I sat in silence. A breeze chattered through the leadwood. The hornbill flew away. The impala moved in the dark brush. Jan started the car.

"We must get back to the camp," he said. "It is the rule. We're late."

There were two donkeys standing on my veranda. It was too dark to take their picture. Jan and I agreed that on the following morning we would hunt leopard. It would be a clear night. There would be a heavy dew. The leopard, who dislikes getting his feet wet, would follow the roads. We would get out early, and our chances would be excellent provided that we were the first car on the road.

At four-thirty lights began to come on in the rondavels at Pretorius Kop. Ours was the first. At quarter to five, in complete darkness, we were at the gate. By five-thirty, when the gate was unlocked, six losing cars stood behind us. In the dry months when game and guests are plentiful, one must sometimes get up at two to be first at the gate.

At eight o'clock, after two and a half hours of eyestrain, we had seen three giraffes, a few wildebeeste and zebra, more impala, and a wart hog.

"Let us get the hell out of here," I said. "I want to go to Swaziland."

WE SPENT the night in Barberton, last lovely town in the Transvaal. At dawn we entered the Protectorate. We climbed rocky red roads. We passed through gauzy clouds, and cool young pine forests planted by the English. We climbed once more, to the top of the world, to where the sky turns a royal blue, as before dawn, yet the sun stands high and likewise the moon. Beyond and below us lay Africa, bold in its purples, shimmering in its greens, endless, patternless, empty of all but legends.

Jan was pointing down into the valley. He seemed unwilling to speak. And I could see them, the two, circling at leisure, flirting with the flimsy clouds, turning all of sunlit, silent space to their own best advantage.

"Eagles," he said, at last.

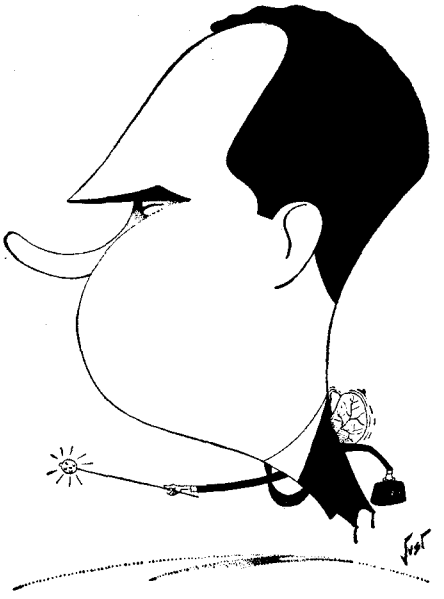
CHANNELS:

As Reported to Moscow

MARYA MANNES

WASHINGTON, MAY 23
(Demi-Tass News Agency)

THE HIGH PRAESIDIUM of the Republican Party of the United States took part in a television program tonight on the occasion of a fund-raising dinner here in Washington. Their performance, entitled "Panel of Progress," was preceded by the singing of an American folk song called "His Truth Goes Marching On" (honoring Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President). Behind the dais was a



huge stylized eagle (the national trademark).

The Praesidium members present were Defense Secretary Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture Benson, Secretary of Labor Mitchell, Under Secretary of Commerce Williams, and Deputy Attorney General Rogers. They were monolithic.

Speculation has been raised by the new order of seating, Mr. Wilson being on the left of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Benson being on the right of Mr. Nixon, possibly indicating a shift in power. It is too early to tell what effect this new alignment will have on the outside world.

Mr. Nixon, who despite his youth rose to his high position because of the part he played in the purges, showed his democratic manner by deferring in a friendly way to his subordinates on the dais, acting in the manner of interviewer or, as the Americans say, "square man." Consulting notes, he inquired of each Cabinet member how things were going in his field.

The Commissariat Reports

Secretary Mitchell, consulting notes, stated that more people were employed than ever before and earned more, in contrast to the misery of the preceding decades. He gave figures.

Secretary Benson said that more people ate more than ever before, in contrast to the starvation and want of the preceding twenty years. He gave figures.

Under Secretary Williams said that there was more trade than ever before, in contrast to the stagnation of the preceding twenty years. He gave figures.

Deputy Attorney General Rogers said that the government was now upright and loyal, in contrast to the sabotage and deviation that characterized the preceding twenty years. He gave figures.

Secretary of Defense Wilson said (from notes) that America had more defense for less money than ever before. He gave figures.

VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON, who seemed very pleased at the information just received, closed by asserting that this new prosperity was achieved without war (in contrast to the method which the previous Administration had devised to support their economy) and that this country "has the best chance of peace without surrender in our lifetime," the implication being that peace was achieved by surrender in the previous Administration.

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Although Mrs. Hobby was absent, presumably preparing a report, great emphasis was laid throughout the discussion on the strides made in Social Security, concern for the public welfare having been instituted by the Eisenhower Administration. It was evident throughout that the Republicans had achieved their Eight-Year Plan in three.

The points made by each member of the Praesidium were greeted with tumultuous applause by the large audience, who had paid to listen.

Lessons to Be Learned

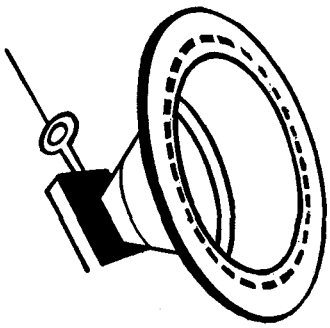
Not visible in the film shown on TV were the cardboard miniatures of Mrs. Eisenhower in a pink, jeweled evening gown on each table. A song delivered after the discussion included the lines "in White House grace, none can take her place; let's tell her she's going to stay." Mrs. Eisenhower was not present.

Also omitted from the broadcast was a new party song entitled "Open Up Your Heart and Let the Dough Roll In," "dough" being a colloquial term, as in "doughboy."

The presentation closed with the statement, presumably evident to the ordinary listener, that "the preceding program was mechanically reproduced."

THE QUALITY of the film shown in television was poor, further proof that the Americans have not yet mastered the medium pioneered in and perfected by us.

Faulty as this program was in comparison to our own, it was evident that the Republican Administration has benefited—in emphasizing solidarity ("team") and dispensing with debate—from the example of our own system. We in turn might profit from the easy informality of manner and (in particular) the brevity which are typical of their techniques of government by television.



The Thousand Faces Of Spain

MARK VAN DOREN

THE CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD, by José María Gironella. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. *Knopf. Two Volumes. $10.*

TO READ a novel about a war is almost certainly to learn something about that war one had not known, even if this be only the author's view of it, or at any rate his view of life in general. Gironella's long novel—it fills a thousand pages—is about the civil war in Spain, and who would not know more than he does about that dreadful event? It came near to taking one out of every ten lives in Spain; it was contemporary with similar events in China; it focused hatreds that finally expressed themselves all over the earth between 1939 and 1945. While it proceeded it was the occasion for many opinions, both as to its origin and as to its meaning, in the United States. Any American who ever had an opinion about it can afford to test that opinion by this book. He may or may not come out with the same opinion, but he will have had what he probably lacked before: experience of the people who fought the war, and of what they thought and felt as it descended upon them.

The book confines itself to the descent. Beginning in April, 1931, with the death of the monarchy, it stops in July, 1936, with the military uprising against the Republic, which in most American minds may be the first act in the tragedy rather than the last. Doubtless for Gironella it is not the last act either; it is the end of the beginning; but the beginning is what interests him, as indeed it ought to interest us. Out of what fuel did the fire come, and out of what all but unimaginable heat? Gironella is trying to tell us this, and trying as he does so to render the truth about every passion that burned among the Spanish people—every one of dozens or hundreds, or, as he suggests in a note to the American reader, of thousands. "There are in this land," he says, "thousands of ways of life." And he does not seem to refer merely to individuals. He means ideas, theories, prejudices, passions. It is of those that his book is full almost to the point of confusion, though he would say complexity.

In any case, what we have here is five years of thinking, feeling, and talking on the eve of violence, with just enough of the violence to give us a taste of the mutual massacre to follow. We have all this in one small city of Spain, Gerona in Catalonia. And we have it, furthermore, reflected in the lives of a single family in that city, the family of Matías Alvear, an anti-clerical Spaniard of the middle class who like his devout Basque wife, Carmen Elgazu, is not Catalan in origin and so can take a spectator's view of the fierce separatist leanings of those about him. Of their three children the eldest, Ignacio, is singularly free from anything like personal conviction, so that he can listen and learn as we do. But César, the second son, would have been a priest had he outlived the end of the story; he might even have been a saint. And the daughter Pilar has no politics, so that nothing prevents her from falling in love with Mateo Santos, organizer of the Falange in Gerona.

The Dancer from the Dance

One naturally remembers the Rostov family in *War and Peace,* with which this novel has been compared. Tolstoy used that family, along with several others, to clarify and intensify our view of the war with Napoleon. Or did he? Or, more accurately, was that all he did? It is a fascinating question, for it has to do with the mysterious relations that exist between history and fiction, or as Aristotle put it, between history and poetry.

How true can a historical novel be—how true, that is, of an event that takes place in the background,

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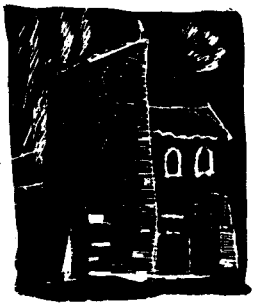
or even in the foreground, of its characters' lives? Which should seem more important to us, the event or the individuals it affects? If the event, then why write fiction? If the individuals, why write historical fiction? The best answer seems to be that the event should of course engage us but that the people should engage us more, to the point perhaps of being all that we finally remember. Andrey, Natasha, and Pierre are more interesting at last than Russia and France. So are Achilles and Hector more interesting than the Trojan War, though it is terribly interesting too; and so is Falstaff, say, than the struggle between Henry IV and those who would dethrone him.

But what, then, has happened to history? And if Gironella has succeeded with his individuals—the Alvears and their friends—what has happened to the civil war concerning which we expected to learn so many things we didn't know?

GIRONELLA, fortunately or unfortunately, need have no worry on this score. He has not written a *War and Peace,* an Iliad, or a *Henry IV.* His story of the Alvears has not extinguished his chronicle of what went on in all of Spain, or at any rate Gerona. The Alvears have their reality and their charm, but they never overwhelm their environment as the huge figure of Pierre, stumbling through Tolstoy's novel, blots Russia out. The explanation of this could lie in the very transparency of Ignacio Alvear's mind and heart. Without convictions of his own, he can be and indeed is a lens through which the reader looks at the innumerable parties of opinion among whose more articulate members he strolls, listening and arguing to the end not so much that we should see or believe him as that we should see and believe them. Pierre, for all his impressiveness, was less intelligent; in a sense he understood nothing. Rays of opinion, striking him in front, still left us with only his back before us, the shadow not of Russia but of himself. We hear the theories, but we remember him—and understand him better in the end than we do the theories.

Another explanation might be the sense Gironella gives us of having desired to make all of his persons representative of something. In the greatest stories people represent only themselves, though it is true that they belong to classes and have thoughts other people can have. Gironella is often lifelike and his people have their power to touch us. The devotion of Carmen Elgazu to her husband and children is immensely moving, like the big ears of César. But we cannot escape the suspicion that Gironella has schematized his human material. The difference between the devout Carmen Elgazu and the "radical" Matías is all too neat a case of at least one



difference that split Spain down the middle. So is the reflection of this difference in Ignacio and César: the first a boy whose thoughts go everywhere and the second a boy whose thoughts go only to God.

So far there is nothing in the family to remind us of the Falangists and of the military leaders who in the end will together conquer Spain. But then Pilar's falling in love with Mateo does remind us of the Falangists. To round out the picture, Ignacio himself falls in love with Marta, daughter of Major Martínez de Soria, who will lead the military uprising in Gerona. So there it all is, along with such minor circumstances as that Ignacio works in the same bank with Cosme Vila, who will become leader of the Communists, and in that bank knows many another man who represents a party or a sect.

THE TEMPTATION to make characters representative in this way must be very great for any historical novelist, particularly when he knows or believes that most of the opinions held about his subject are erroneous if only because they are oversimplified. Listen, he will say: Let me set some people before you who will demonstrate how complex the true situation was, and how difficult to judge as you judge it.

An American might have said this after our Civil War, concerning which many Europeans had positive opinions but sketchy knowledge. Such an American might have proposed to demonstrate through the persons of an imaginary family not merely that brother could fight against brother or father against son, as everybody knew was frequently the case, but that the Democratic and Republican Parties had their factions, that abolition was an unpopular doctrine in portions of the North, that Lincoln himself was not an abolitionist, that Lee loved the Union as he understood it, that New York was a boiling mess of theories both friendly and unfriendly to the government, that civil liberties suffered on both sides, that Lincoln was denounced as a dictator, and so on and so on.

The American might have done this and still not have convinced us that his family was real as things in fiction must be real. Nor might that have been his primary objective. He was a historian, let us admit, more than he was a poet, and as such he did succeed in spreading on the record a host of matters commonly ignored, so that the subject at hand lost some of that glittering simplicity which had prevented Europeans from penetrating to its depths.

Here is the virtue, limited though it may be, of Gironella's novel, whose thousand pages impress upon us first of all the bewildering variety of Spanish opinion during the early 1930's. There were not two or three leftist parties; there were twenty-one. There was not one rightist movement; there were half a dozen, and each of them distrusted the rest. There were vicious rightists and there were noble ones, just as there were mad leftists and sane ones—or supersane ones, as the fanatics said who insisted that socialism was for children.

Poor Spain!

Meanwhile there was the Republic, despised or defended according to one's view of its vitality, and beyond that, of its desirability. The one question depended upon the other, and perhaps there were too few with enough confidence in the Republic

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to make it easy for them to dismiss its detractors, whatever the motives for their detraction were. Or was it not detraction but a plot, laid long before and skillfully concealed until the time came to execute it? Most of the persons in the novel appear to think otherwise, though they never deny the existence of a force that stands ready to move in whenever the country has become hopelessly divided. Let us stand together, they say, or else the Falange and the military will take over.

And there was the Church, which Ignacio cannot enter though his brother can and does. The Church alone has a thousand faces in this book. The majority of these may be attractive, but certain ones are not; and the political opinions of the clergy have great range. Gironella, though it is pretty clear that his own affection is for the Church, gives its enemies every chance to express themselves with lucidity and logic. And so with every other cause or institution. Ignacio likes Mateo but can say that in his experience Falangists tend to be bullies and smart alecks. Mateo's father accuses them of "a synthetic seriousness." There is always something suspicious about the quiet, intense way they dedicate themselves to they know not what; for they freely confess that the future of their organization is not blueprinted. They will do whatever they are called upon to do, but they still do not know or even seek to know just what this is. The people indeed may be quite right about them: They are waiting to walk in. And when they do—which is after the novel ends—they will have the same deadly bearing as now. Gironella seems to know this and not to like it very much—seems, for he never speaks in his own person. He is at least as impartial as Ignacio is; he is "implacably" so, if one may quote again his address to the American reader.

Gironella aims at implacable impartiality, and yet there may be no such thing. Our doubt that it exists absolutely in his case grows on us as we read. He will show the worst of every side, and creditably he does so. Yet there comes into being, implicitly if not otherwise, a relativity of worsts. Ignacio, as a part of his universal experience, at one time has two teachers who are Socialists. They remain the rational and generous persons they begin by being, but they never sound older than the children they teach. And while all of the parties have their vicious members, the Anarchist and Communist leaders outdo their rivals in a fashion suggestive of melodrama.

Not that Gironella needs to be thought of as having planned such a result. No one should accuse him of distorting what he understands to be the facts. It was a wild, insane, and cruel time for everybody. "Poor Spain!" cries Ignacio to himself as the novel nears its end; and yet that end was but the end of a beginning.

The Sum of All

What *were* the facts about the Spanish Civil War, at the stage where Gironella considers it? Or what was the truth, if that is a better word? What *is* the truth—eternally, in God's mind as it were? Doubtless no man can say, not even Gironella with all his ambition to be exhaustive in his report. The truth about a great event is the sum of all the relevant opinions as to what it was. In the present case, since there were twenty million Spaniards, there must have been twenty million opinions, or responses, or participations, or whatever term will suit. Yet the meaning of all these is still another matter. Where is that to be found, and how is it to be judged? Gironella, ambitious as he is, has to limit himself to a few hundred persons in one city; he cannot tell us what everybody, literally everybody, did or thought. And if he had been able to do so, what would our conclusion be? A greater novelist would have concentrated his gaze upon fewer persons and given us perhaps more truth. But about those persons, not about the event. The problem, or the mystery, of historical fiction thus asserts itself again.

Meanwhile the reader of this novel, in so far as he has read it for the history that is in it, will have mastered one fact if no other. The subject was and is complex—not to say, in a perfectly respectful sense of the word, unintelligible. What possessed this people, so affectionate and yet so bitter, so ironical yet so fanatical, so wise and yet so wild, to behave as they did here? It is to the credit of Gironella that he asks the question rather than answers it. For no man's answer would be believed. César, dying as he wished to in the closing pages, kept his answer to himself. "He did not understand one word of what was taking place. . . . What was evident was that Spain had not had charity, and that someone must give his life to expiate this evil. He offered his." To what, or to whom? That also was César's secret. It could have been to whoever it is that understands everything: all the facts, all the persons, all the truth. History and poetry do all that they can do, but then there is the truth, which does nothing save exist. Often spoken of, it never speaks. In silence, and forever, it knows itself.

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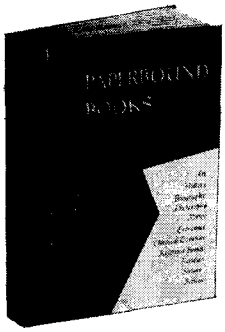

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The Further Travels Of 'an Amiable Pretty Man'

ANNE FREMANTLE

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: ITALY, CORSICA AND FRANCE 1765-1766. Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. Illustrated. The Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell. *McGraw-Hill. $5.50.*

HORACE WALPOLE could not abide James Boswell, yet he recommended Boswell's new *Account of Corsica* which appeared in 1768. "The author . . . is a strange being, and . . . has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors."

Earlier, Boswell had forced himself upon Rousseau, even offering him a helping of his own chicken at his own table, which enraged Jean-Jacques. Now in Italy, Boswell first unwisely pursued the seditious John Wilkes, expelled from the House of Commons and outlawed as obscene. Wilkes had "gone to bed" when Boswell left a second note, regretting Wilkes "could not dine" with him. But Boswell set down all affronts with a sublime indifference, worthy of the lady who made a glass case for her many letters from Marcel Proust—all refusals to lunch.

Boswell was "a most odd character," Lord Mountstuart, son of George III's favorite Minister, Lord Bute, told him. "All the English disliked you." At the Grand Tour's end, and in London on his way home, Boswell pestered the elder Pitt to see him ("I'll call ten times") the morning after the repeal of the Stamp Act. Pitt, courteous but sarcastic, said he had come "to town only yesterday . . . otherwise, I should have sent to you and appointed a time when we might have met."

But the point, for Boswell as well as for posterity, is that by the time Pitt said these words, Boswell *had* met him. He was always able "to accommodate myself to my fellow-creatures" and, as he once wrote, "everyone must love me, they must."

If, when staying as a guest in Corsica, Boswell forgot he was not at an inn and called "for what I wanted . . . asking for a variety of things at once," or if his valet chid him for his stinginess and told him he had not the manners of a nobleman and "must never see your children, or otherwise they will be as badly brought up as you," he thereby but fulfills his own promise: "My journal will be pretty well. But my conversation will be great." For this moody twenty-five-year-old Scots laird, whose highest praise for a road was that it was nearly as good as one at home, saw truth and set it down as clinically as Franz Kafka or Rainer Maria Rilke or André Gide, but with "a singular kind of philosophy" that they lacked, which was to "make me content to be whatever I shall turn out."

BOSWELL knew himself to be "an amiable pretty man of moderate abilities," who was naturally of a timid disposition. This had been increased by his education; it made him feel "ridiculous and miserable as before.... I had an absurd but real anxiety." When lovely ladies rejected his naïve advances, he consoled himself with less lovely unladies; and when, as happened frequently, these consolations "led to punishment," he was calm and resigned, and his excellent physique saw him through.

He knew that though it was both his duty and his inclination to make his father happy, it was "utterly impossible for me to succeed." The healthy, sound, hard-working Lord Auchinleck regarded "the complaints of men like us [who were hypochondriacs] as so much affectation." Boswell was perfectly well aware that the reason he venerated Dr. Samuel Johnson and the patriot Paoli so much was that they provided him with approving and outsize substitute fathers. His experience in Corsica completed the cure Dr. Johnson had begun in London. "I had got upon a rock in Corsica, and

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jumped into the middle of life," he wrote. On that enchanted island "I no longer anxiously thought of myself; my whole attention was employed in listening" to the forty-year-old rebel General Pasquale Paoli, whom Pitt called a hero out of Plutarch and whose people Rousseau had commended for their courage in *The Social Contract.* Corsica set Boswell free even from Dr. Johnson: "You for some minutes saw him not so immense as before, but it came back."

'Stately Spirited Race'

Boswell is a watershed character, belonging both to the eighteenth century with his whoring expeditions or his casual affair with Rousseau's middle-aged mistress, and to the nineteenth with his "P.P.S. Read this letter with care. It contains very, very romantic sentiments." And he elicits unique responses from others: His Sienese love finds her sole consolation in thinking herself "superior to the mass of men, who are directed . . . by the impulses of the machine"; Dr. Johnson tells him that "Happiness consists in the multiplicity of consciousness." Yet Boswell is perhaps most modern in that what cured him was not love or religion (he faces the fact that his faith is "very feeble") but the political consciousness and activity of a whole people. He was one of the first to be freed by the national self-determination of a country not his own. What Greece did for Byron, Corsica did for Boswell.

And as a writer, too, he is concerned sociologically. Not merely with externals: the proud Florentines, the Sienese making love "as their inclinations suggested," the dirty French. But with "the stately spirited race of people" whose honor and sense and abilities had won them a precarious and temporary but still real liberty. In his *Account of Corsica* he is thus the forerunner of all who have used a multiple hero: of John Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath,* John Hersey in *The Wall,* Albert Camus in *The Plague.* ". . . why should men be afraid of their own species?" asks Boswell praising the Corsicans. And though, like jesting Pilate, humanity will not stay for an answer, it has constantly reiterated Boswell's question.

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Book Notes

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS. Selected, translated, and edited by J. M. Thompson, F.B.A., F.R. Hist. S. *Everyman's Library* 995. London: *J. M. Dent & Sons;* New York: *E. P. Dutton. $1.65.*

THESE LETTERS reveal the alert, persuasive, didactic mind of a dictator immeasurably superior to the parochial bores—Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini—who plagued our times. Yet Napoleon lived in a dream. The letters have the coherence, the lucidity, the precision peculiar to dreams.

After Wagram, he wrote to Josephine: "My losses are high; but the victory is decisive and complete. . . . I am sunburnt."

After the return from Elba: "It is my sincere desire, as you can imagine, to keep the peace. . . . But if we are forced to take up arms again, I should reckon myself perfectly ready. . . ."

After Waterloo: "All is not lost."

These letters are not history; they are only Napoleon's dream of history. He dreamt for a night that lasted eleven years—from his coronation as Emperor of the French to Waterloo—a short night in the measure of history, and when it was over Europe counted its dead.

●

HOW NOT TO WRITE A PLAY, by Walter Kerr. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

"THE MOST alarming thing about the contemporary American theater is the absolute regularity of its march toward extinction," writes Walter Kerr, drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*—and he does not put the blame on the movies, or television, or labor unions, or the public.

He puts it on the plays instead. They are dull. They do not tell a good story. But Mr. Kerr tells a very good story about why they are dull, and has very good ideas as to how they can be made less dull—all that is needed is a very great playwright, somebody like Shakespeare. This great man will probably choose to write in verse also, since poetry alone can give to the theater the speed—the short cut of imagery—that pictures give the movies. He will also try to please the public—the musical comedy pleases the public and in our times it is the only form that does—since the theater is at its healthiest when it is closest to the crowd. Those of us who have drifted away from playgoing and yet feel some sort of atavistic half belief that it must once have been fun to go to the theater will enjoy the wit and good sense of Mr. Kerr's argument.

●

MINE BOY, by Peter Abrahams. *Knopf. $1.25.*

THERE is no question about it: It is no longer the explorers, the anthropologists, and the visiting novelists who will tell us about the natives; the natives have started to speak for themselves. They will never again be silent. Lafcadio Hearn, Kipling, Pearl Buck are old hat, for the Japanese, the Indians, and the Chinese can now speak for themselves and write novels about themselves. Robert Ruark—disastrously for the reader—just got under the line with his Mau Mau book; in no time at all we can expect to hear a voice native to Kenya.

Meanwhile Peter Abrahams writes again from South Africa. The strange thing in this novel, as in his earlier *Tell Freedom,* an autobiography, is that the compassion he feels for his own people, the dark natives, extends to their oppressors, the white men. He is acutely aware—just as Americans have finally been made aware—that the evil of discrimination does not affect only those discriminated against. It is curious and rather wonderful the way he can make us believe that Xuma, the mine boy slaving away in Johannesburg, sees that his Irish boss man O'Shea is unhappy and understands why.

It is a wonderful thing to be convinced that Mr. Abrahams' story can end the way it does—if perhaps most rarely in real life—with the white man and the black taking, for the sake of justice, the same beating by the mine police. In a way it is the old story of the early Christians: Like the men whose skin is of a different color from ours, the Christians too were strangers outside the gates, outside every gate wherever they were—but when they spoke their voice persuaded.

WE SHALL MARCH AGAIN, by Gerhard Kramer. Translated from the German by Anthony G. Powell. *Putnam. $3.75.*

THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED, by Francis Irby Gwaltney. *Rinehart. $3.50.*

IT APPEARS that Mr. Kramer's fictional account of his service in the Wehrmacht has displeased a considerable number of his countrymen. German soldiers in it get killed in a beastly sort of way, and those who do not get killed think that it is a beastly sort of war. Only a few of them think that it is a beautiful sort of war for the Fatherland and for Hitler, and these few the author depicts as rather beastly idiots. The scene at the end of the novel in which German soldiers from the Russian front are being marched into prison camps by the British must have been peculiarly controversial in Germany: Most of the men are exhausted, done in and hopeless; a few stubbornly sing "We shall still be marching when all other flags are furl'd. . . ."

These are the men who will wish to wait, or enjoin others to wait, until it can all start again *da capo.* There must be some Germans who would rather not have them brought to public attention just now and a great many more Germans—it is to be hoped—who believe that such characters have long ago forgotten the song, lyrics and tune.

The Nazis of course knew what they were fighting for. Consequently, there was something that German soldiers and civilians could disbelieve—although no one in this novel did anything about it, even when he disbelieved.

OVER HERE on the other side of the line, a number of Americans—mostly civilians—were wrought up because our troops did not know what they were fighting for. This situation, if real, presented an advantage: American soldiers had nothing to disbelieve.

They had a job to do—as Mr. Gwaltney makes clear, in the Pacific it was often a beastly job, as beastly a job as any—and they had to find out for themselves what to believe. They found out that you could believe in courage and in friendship. That was all there was: And the second led to the first.

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CERTAIN primitives bind their skulls with strips of hide so that their heads grow "on a bias." When these wrappings are removed, the first flow of blood is extremely painful.

In our society, many bind not their heads, but their minds, and as a result of this tourniquet on their imagination, their thinking is biased and their opinions hidebound. To remove the wrappings and permit a flow of new ideas is painful here too, and these narrow-minded clans are careful to avoid it.

Scientists who have studied it say that head-binding isn't harmful—but all agree that "mind-binding" is. Mind-binding is fatal not only to truth, but to freedom as well. That's why you'll find THE REPORTER so often removing the wrappings from the news to uncover the facts and forces, the people and the pressures that affect you and your interests. That's why even when the truth hurts, THE REPORTER will seek it out for you.

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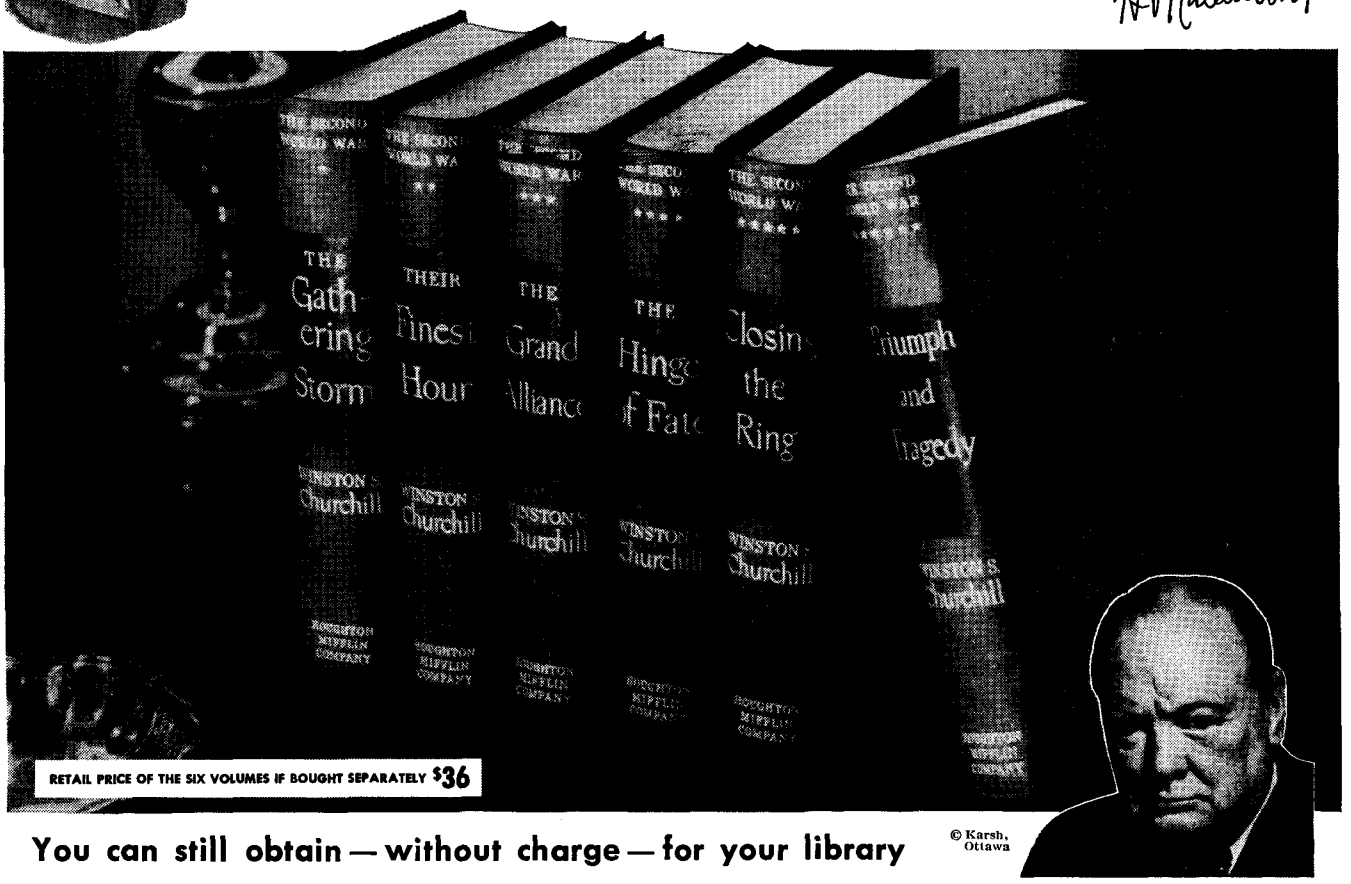

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